

# THE THEATRE

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SEPTEMBER, 1915  
VOL. XXII, NO. 175

E MAGAZINE  
R PLAYGOERS



See L. Hill

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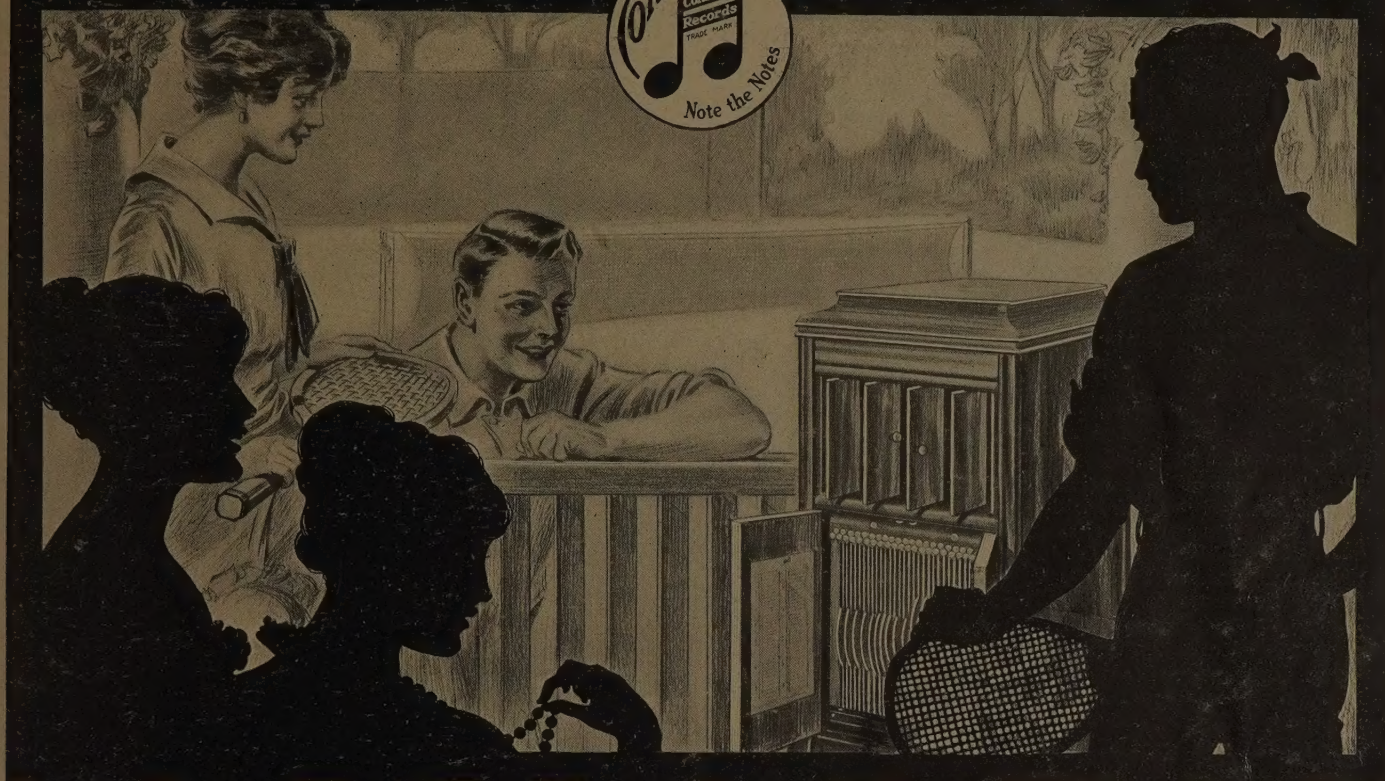
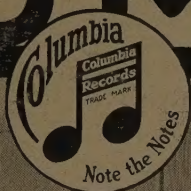
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TOWN & COUNTRY keys its comment to the tone of the drawing-room. It is a pictorial paper but it selects its pictures with a view to the eternal interest that exists in people who do noteworthy things.

There is a theatre in New York which contains only two hundred seats. Its great attraction is that there is nothing promiscuous about its atmosphere, its productions or its audience.

TOWN & COUNTRY's great attraction to its readers is that there is nothing promiscuous about its atmosphere, its contents or its audience.

It is doubtful, indeed, judged by the character of its contents and appearance, if a higher standard of quality could be attained in periodical publishing.

## TOWN & COUNTRY

Established 1846

No. 8 WEST 40TH ST., NEW YORK

36 ISSUES \$5.00 A YEAR 25 CENTS A COPY





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### 1915



Photo McClure

Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLow

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#### THE COVER:—Portrait in Colors of Miss Ina Claire in the "Ziegfeld Follies"

The colored portraits that appear on the covers of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE each month are those of artists who have distinguished themselves on the stage. To be put on the cover of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE is regarded in the profession as a reward of merit. Players look on it as a theatrical hall of fame. Money cannot buy the privilege and this applies to the inside contents of the magazine as well. It is one accorded only to talent. If only from this standpoint, therefore, our covers are of particular value to the public. If our readers knew that the artist had paid for the cover, as for so much advertising space, the picture would have no value in their eyes. But, knowing that the distinction is awarded only to real merit, the portraits are eagerly sought and collected as souvenirs. Ina Claire was born in Washington, D. C. She made her professional debut in vaudeville in 1908, impersonating Harry Lauder, Eddie Foy, Anna Held and others. Her initial appearance in musical comedy was made at the Cort Theatre, Chicago, with Richard Carle and Edna Wallace Hopper in "Jumping Jupiter." The following two seasons she was featured in the "Quaker Girl." At the expiration of her contract with the latter company, Miss Claire journeyed to London, where she appeared under the management of George Edwardes at the Adelphi Theatre in the title roles of "The Girl from Utah," and "The Belle of Bond Street." Following her English success she returned to New York, and was seen in "Lady Luxury" at the Casino. Recently she appeared in two screen plays. She is now leading woman for the "Ziegfeld Follies" at the New Amsterdam.

**CONTRIBUTORS**—The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration articles on dramatic or musical subjects, sketches of famous actors or singers, etc., etc. Postage stamps should in all cases be enclosed to insure the return of contributions found to be unavailable. All manuscripts submitted should be accompanied when possible by photographs. Artists are invited to submit their photographs for reproduction in THE THEATRE. Each photograph should be inscribed on the back with the name of the sender, and if in character, with that of the character represented. Contributors should always keep a duplicate copy of articles submitted. The utmost care is taken with manuscripts and photographs, but we decline all responsibility in case of loss.

**SUBSCRIPTION:** Yearly Subscription, in advance, \$3.50

Foreign countries, add \$1.00 for mail

Canada, add 85c.

Single copies 35 cents

Published Monthly by

Telephone 6486 Greeley

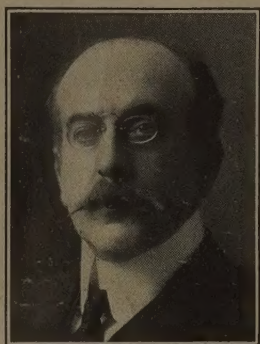
THE THEATRE MAGAZINE COMPANY.

8-10-12-14 West 38th Street, New York City



# Important Announcement

*The Publishers take pleasure in announcing that beginning with the October issue Mr. Alan Dale, the well-known theatrical writer, will become a regular contributor to the **Theatre Magazine**. His first article which will appear in our next issue will be:*



Alan Dale

## The Dramatic Critic

By ALAN DALE

The witty feuilletonist deals with the Frankenstein idea of making a great personality of the dramatic critic and then rending him. An amusing and timely article based on Mr. Dale's own experiences.

The *Theatre Magazine* is the only high-class illustrated periodical solely devoted to the stage published in this country. Always having occupied a unique position among the best monthly publications, it begins the new theatrical year stronger and more attractive than ever. Each month the magazine will be more beautiful typographically and pictorially and its contents more varied and interesting. Among other features of the October number will be:

## My Experiences with Sarah Bernhardt

By W. F. CONNOR

The French tragedienne's American manager tells of his success in directing the tour of the world's most remarkable living actress.



©Rochlitz Sarah Bernhardt

### The Ideal Stage Situation

Every dramatist who has written plays that have been successfully produced has his own ideas as to what constitutes an ideal stage situation. This article presents interesting points of view by *Owen Davis, Philip Bartholomae, Elmer Reizenstein, Edward Peple*, and other dramatists.

### The Menace of the Moving Picture

Do you know that *David Warfield* refused an offer of \$100,000 to act before the screen, and that other leading players such as *Maude Adams, John Drew, Otis Skinner* have also declined to enter the motion picture field because they believe the film drama is working serious injury to the theatre proper? An interesting article showing how and why the moving picture is a menace.

### Our Colored Covers

The covers of the *Theatre Magazine* have long been the talk of the art world. Their exquisite coloring and perfection of reproduction make them veritable masterpieces of the lithographer's art. They are eagerly sought by collectors and others who like to possess a fine portrait in colors of their favorite players. During the coming year a new and most interesting series of colored portraits will be issued by this magazine, each attaining and sometimes surpassing the high artistic standard set in the past.



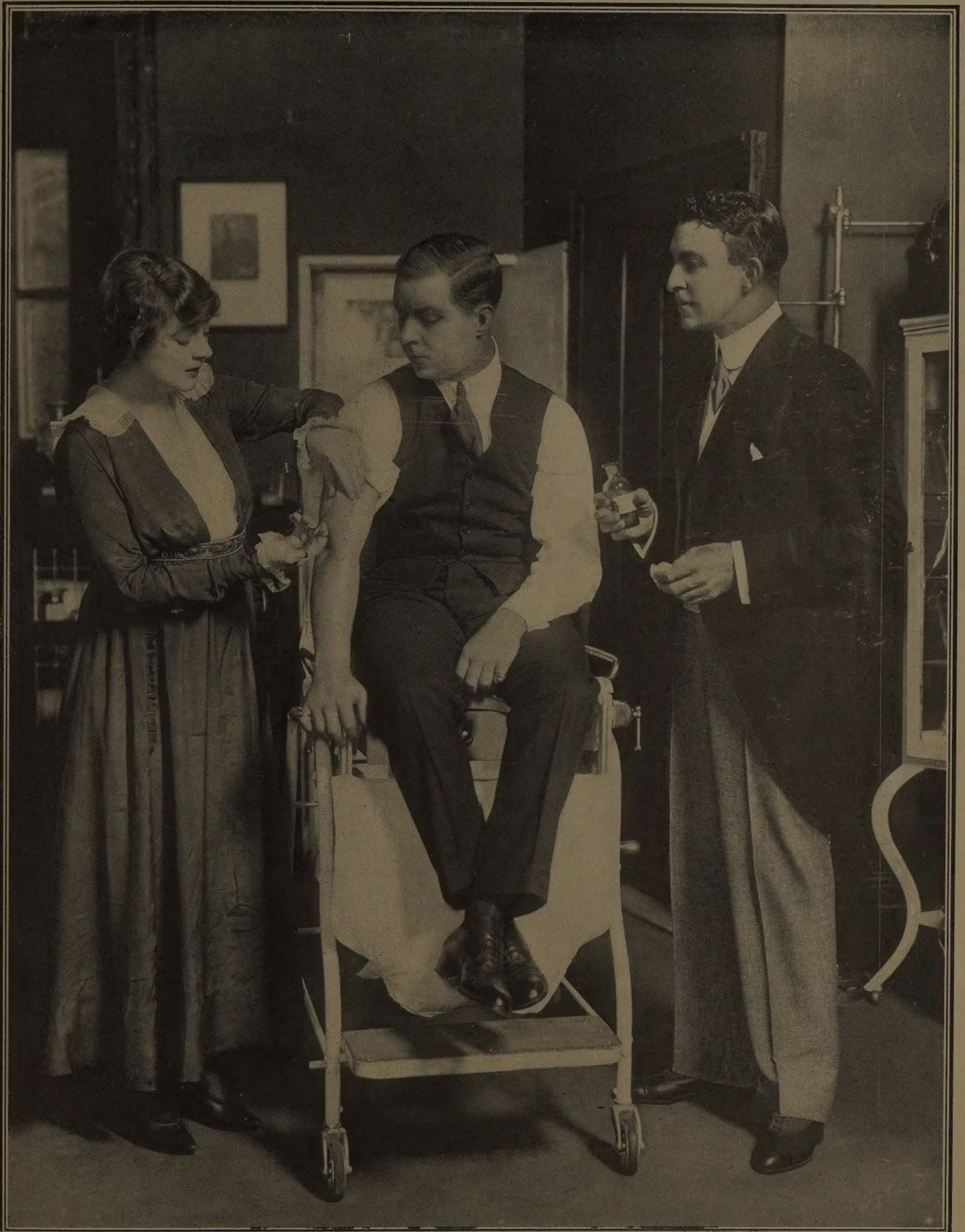
# THE THEATRE

VOL. XXII.

SEPTEMBER, 1915

No. 175

*Published by The Theatre Magazine Co., Henry Stern, Pres., Louis Meyer, Treas., Paul Meyer, Sec'y; 8-10-12-14 West Thirty-eighth Street, New York City.*



White

Virginia  
(Martha Hedman)

Budd Woodbridge  
(Wallace Eddinger)

Dr. Sumner  
(Arthur Byron)

Act I. Budd Woodbridge is treated for jealousy by injections of aqua pura  
SCENE IN WINCHELL SMITH'S & VICTOR MAPES' COMEDY, "THE BOOMERANG" AT THE BELASCO THEATRE



# Opening of the Dramatic Season

JUDGING by the managerial announcements, the war will have little or no effect on the new season, just started. A great number of new plays are scheduled for production. The season, in fact, promises to be as interesting as any we have had in recent years.

Maude Adams will appear in a cycle of Barrie plays which include "The Little Minister," "Quality Street," "Peter Pan," "What Every Woman Knows," and also a new play by this distinguished English author. She will open on tour in October, and her only New York engagement during the season will be at the Empire Theatre during Christmas week. Ethel Barrymore is to originate the rôle of Emma McChesney, the travelling saleswoman heroine of Edna Ferber's well-known stories, in a dramatization of "Roast Beef Medium" by the author and George V. Hobart. John Drew has a new play by Sir Arthur Wing Pinero—his first play by this author since the actor's appearance in "His House in Order," which will first be performed by Sir George Alexander at the St. James Theatre, London. William Gillette will return to the Empire for an engagement of several weeks in his greatest successes, "Sherlock Holmes" and "Secret Service." He will then make a tour of the larger cities. Henry Arthur Jones has written a new comedy, as yet unnamed, for Otis Skinner; Elsie Ferguson will continue in "Outcast," and later to be seen in a new play; Michael Morton has a new piece for Blanche Bates; and Marie Doro will be seen in a new play by Rudolph Besier. After a special engagement together in a double bill composed of a new Barrie play never performed in this country, and Robert Marshall's comedy, "The Duke of Killcrankie," Marie Tempest, Francis Wilson, Ann Murdock and Graham Browne will each appear in plays written especially for them. Miss Tempest has a new comedy by Harold Chapin, Mr. Wilson a comedy written by himself, Miss Murdock a new Porter Emerson Browne piece, and Mr. Browne a play to be written by Henry Arthur Jones.

*The theatre managers have prepared an astonishing array of novelties for 1915-16. Comprehensive forecast of the principal plays to be seen and something about the players.*

After their limited engagement at the Knickerbocker in "The Girl from Utah," Julia Sanderson, Donald Brian and Joseph Cawthorne will go on tour and then reappear in New York at the same theatre in a new musical comedy.

In conjunction with David Belasco the Charles Frohman Corporation will produce George Scarborough's new play, "The Girl," early in the season. In the spring there will be another all-star Frohman-Belasco presentation of a well-known drama.

The Empire Theatre reopens on September 13th with Cyril Maude in a month's return engagement in the popular success, "Grumpy." Succeeding him, the Frohman stars will appear at the Empire in the following order: William Gillette, John Drew, Maude Adams, and Otis Skinner. On September 6th, the Lyceum opens with Miss Tempest, Mr. Wilson, Miss Murdock, and Mr. Browne in the double bill, and Ethel Barrymore will succeed this attraction in "Roast Beef Medium."

Other plays that this management have ready for production are "The Coup," by Haddon Chambers; "Our Betters," a new comedy by W. S. Maugham; "Kings and Queens," a comedy which ran successfully at the St. James Theatre, London, last season; "The Flying Dutchman," a four-act modern comedy by Paul M. Potter; "Faithless Eckhart"; new comedies by Alfred Sutro and Michael Morton; and a serious play by Henry Arthur Jones. The musical pieces which

the Frohman company will present have been written by Rennold Wolf, Channing Pollock, H. B. Smith, Jerome Kern, Max Brady, Franz Martos, and Victor Jacobi.

David Belasco has begun activities earlier than usual this season, and at the Belasco Theatre has already presented "The Boomerang," the comedy by Winchell Smith and

Victor Mapes with Arthur Byron, Wallace Eddinger and Martha Hedman in leading rôles. David Warfield has a new play written specially for him by Mr. Belasco, in which he will be seen about the middle of November. This will be the third play the manager has written for Mr. Warfield, and only the fifth play the actor has appeared in during the fourteen years he has been under Mr. Belasco's direction. Frances Starr has a new comedy by T. Wigney Percival and Horace Hodges, the authors of "Grumpy," in which she will be presented early in the spring, following a tour of the principal Eastern cities in "Marie-Odile." Other plays scheduled for production are "The Laughter of Fools," a comedy by H. F. Maltby, presented successfully at the Prince of Wales Theatre, London; "The Love Thought," by Henry Irving Dodge; a poetic play by Maurice V. Samuels, and new plays from the pens of George Middleton, Frank Mandel, Mrs. Frances Lightner, and Mrs. Wilson Woodrow and Archibald L. Sessions. Mr. Belasco, himself, had also adapted "The Czarina," a play of Russian Court life which is to receive early presentation.

Owing to unsettlement at the Little Theatre, pending possible reconstruction of the house, Winthrop Ames' plans for the season are as yet undecided. There is little doubt, however, that Mr. Ames will have some interesting announcements to make later.

Under the management of the Messrs. Shubert an unusually large number of dramatic and musical productions will be given. That sterling actor, E. H. Sothorn, will occupy the Booth Theatre during the en-

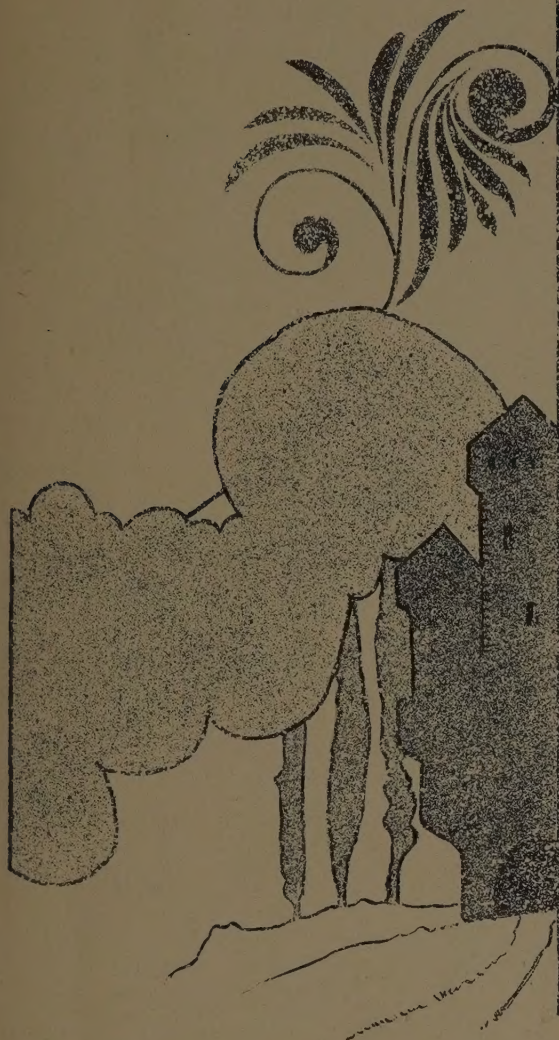


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MAUDE ADAMS

Will appear in a cycle of Barrie plays





White

DAVID WARFIELD

To be seen in a new play by Belasco

tire season in a repertory of modern pieces, the first to be Alfred Sutro's "The Two Virtues," which was successfully presented by Sir George Alexander at the St. James Theatre, London. Margaret Dale will be Mr. Sothorn's leading lady, Julia Marlowe has retired from the stage. According to a recent statement issued by Mr. Sothorn his wife's illness has made it impossible for her to continue to act. Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson will return to America to complete his farewell tour in cities not yet visited.

This season William T. Hodge will bring to New York "The Road to Happiness," the domestic comedy by Lawrence Whitman, which for the past two years has served as his vehicle throughout the United States. The Shubert's dramatic enterprises also include Edward Abeles in "The Last Laugh," which has already been presented at the 39th Street Theatre; "The Cry of a Child," a new farce by Wilson Mizner; "Hobson's Choice," a comedy by Harold Brighouse; and Ralph Herz in "Ruggles of Red Gap," a dramatization by Harrison Rhodes of Harry Leon Wilson's story. Lou-Tellegen continues in "Taking Chances," and later will appear in a new play. In October "Quinney," which has had a prosperous run at the Haymarket Theatre, London, will be presented here with the original company. The Manhattan Opera House will have another Drury Lane thriller entitled "Sealed Orders." New comedies to be produced are "The Strange Boarder," by A. E. Thomas; "Oh, James," by Byron Ongley, and "Find the Woman," a farce by Noel Campbell Springer.

Walker Whiteside has a play entitled "The Ragged Messenger," and William Faversham will also be seen in a new play.

Following their usual custom, the Messrs Shubert will be particularly active in the musical field. On October 1st and January 15th new productions will be put on at the Winter Garden, the last *revue* to feature Al Jolson. At the Casino, "The Blue Paradise" has already been seen, and "The Girl Who Smiles" is at the Lyric. John Charles Thomas and Margaret Romaine will have the leading rôles in Franz Lehar's latest operetta, "Alone At Last." "All Over Town," the musical comedy which Chicago has already witnessed, with Joseph Santley as the featured player, will be presented here early in the fall. Emma Trentini will appear in a new operetta. Other musical productions which this management plan to present are: "The Girl from Brazil," with book by Julius

Brammer and Alfred Grindwald, and music by Robert Winterberg; "The Fake Baron," book by Prodes Milo and Herman Haller, music by Walter Kollo; "The Broadway Girl," book by Max Hey and music by Hugo Hirsch and Harry Schreyer; and "Miss I Don't Know," with book by Charles Bakonyi and music by Eugene Huschka.

Three of A. H. Woods' productions have already been launched. "Common Clay," the Harvard prize drama by Cleves Kinkead, is to be presented at the Republic Theatre with John Mason and Jane Cowl heading the company. At the Cohan Theatre, Julian Eltinge will appear in the last play from the pen of Charles Klein called "Cousin Lucy." A new farce by Max Marcin entitled "See My Lawyer" comes to the Eltinge Theatre with T. Roy Barnes in the leading rôle.

A new Potash and Perlmutter play, named "Potash and Perlmutter, Inc.," will open about the end of September with many of the members of the old company in the cast.

Zelda Sears will be seen in her own dramatization of Frank Danby's novel, "The Heart of a Child." Hermann Scheffauer's drama, "The New Shylock," in which Louis Calvert has been remarkably successful in England, will be produced here about September 13th with Dorothy Donnelly and other prominent players in support of Mr. Calvert. Later in the fall Mr. Woods will present "The Guilty Man," "The Peacock Lady," a dramatization of Rex Beach's novel "The Auction Block," and new plays by Thompson Buchanan, George Scarborough and Eugene Walter.

One of Selwyn & Company's first offerings of the new season is "Rolling Stones," the new comedy by Edgar Selwyn, now at the Harris Theatre. William Courtenay, Frank Craven, and Violet Heming are the leading players in "Under Fire," a play dealing with a phase of the European war, which opened recently at the Hudson Theatre. A dramatization by Bayard Veiller of Irvin S. Cobb's "Back Home" stories, will be given in October with Phoebe Foster in the leading feminine rôle. Norman McKinnel, the popular English actor, will come to this country to play the principal rôle, that of Will Dale, the Postmaster of Rodhaven, in Edith Ellis' dramatization of W. B. Maxwell's novel "The Devil's





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ETHEL BARRYMORE  
To appear in "Roast Beef Medium"



White HOLBROOK BLINN  
Will head his own company in "Moloch"



Mishkin MARIE DORO  
To be seen in a new play by Rudolph Besier



Garden." The Selwyns will also produce a new farce entitled "The Inner Shrine" by Avery Hopwood.

Eleanor Painter who scored a hit in "The Lilac Domino" last season will play the title rôle in a new comic opera by Henry Blossom and Victor Herbert entitled "Princess Pat," to be presented by John Cort about the middle of September. Early in October McIntyre and Heath, the popular negro impersonators, will be starred in a

new musical comedy. A dramatization by George V. Hobart of Thomas Addison's stories "Come-on Charley" will be given in October. Mr. Cort also has for production another play, the name of which is to be announced later. Encouraged by the success of the Standard

Theatre, this season the manager will have two other playhouses of the popular price variety. These are Saxe's 116th Street Theatre, which will be called the York, and Hammerstein's Lexington Avenue Opera House. Both theatres will open on or about Labor Day.

Emily Stevens and Christine Norman have the leading rôles in Louis K. Anspacher's play, "The Unchastened Woman," which will be presented by Oliver Morosco early in the fall.

Bird." Other important Broadway productions are also scheduled.

After a limited return engagement to New York, Montgomery and Stone will be seen in "Chin-Chin" in other cities. "Watch Your Step" will also be presented outside of New York with the original cast, and later in the season C. B. Dillingham will produce another Irving Berlin *revue*. Elsie Janis has a new comedy by Charles W. Goddard and Paul Dickey entitled "The Missing Link," in which she will appear at the Globe Theatre. At the Hippodrome in September, Mr. Dillingham will produce a new entertainment with Orville Harrold and Nat Wills in the cast. Several important structural alterations are being made in the huge playhouse, notably in the boxes, which will be brought in from the side walls several feet, making the auditorium more compact. The theatre will be entirely refurnished and redecorated and the stage newly equipped.

Although Joseph Brooks has not as yet made public his complete plans for the coming season he has announced several productions. For his first offering of the season he has starred Taylor Holmes at the Comedy Theatre in a farcical play by Lillian Trimble Bradley called "Mr. Myd's Mystery." The play is based on an English novel entitled "The Mystery of No. 47 Hyacinth Road." In presenting his new star, Mr. Brooks will follow a unique policy: he will keep Mr. Holmes at the Comedy Theatre throughout the season, offering perhaps two or three new plays, with an all star revival of one of the older comedies in the spring. "His Majesty, Bunker Bean," a dramatization of the stories of that name by Harry Leon Wilson will be given an early production, and in September Mr. Brooks will bring from England a company headed by Derwent Hall Caine, son of Hall Caine, the well-known author and playwright. Mr. Caine will be seen in "Pete," a new version of "The Manxman," which has just been completed by his father, and in the historical pageant, "Drake," by Louis N. Parker, which was produced very successfully two years ago by Sir Herbert Tree at His Majesty's Theatre. The tour will begin in Montreal, and the company will reach New York about the middle of October.

H. H. Frazee's activities include the presentation of a new farce by Seymour Browne and Harry Lewis entitled "Brother Masons," with Frank McIntyre and Maude Eburne in principal rôles; and another farce called "Sherman Was Right," dealing with a phase of the European war, and written by Frank Mandel.

A new operetta called "Elaine," by Otto Hauerbach and Rudolf Friml, will be Arthur Hammerstein's chief offering. The piece is named after the manager's daughter. Edith Thayer will be the star of the production which will open in November.

The Savoy Producing Company, a new theatrical firm, will present a musical comedy entitled "Two Is Company," by Adolf Philipp, Paul Hervé and Jean Briquet; "That Night," a farce comedy by Mr. Philipp; "Three Good Things," a musical comedy by Paul Hervé and Jean Briquet; "The Bank Cashier," a comedy by François Regaut; "My Shadow and I," a three-act play by Jules Fabre; and a musical comedy said to



White LOUISE DRESSER  
Leading rôle in "Potash & Perlmutter, Inc."

WALKER  
WHITESIDE  
In "The  
Ragged Messenger"



White EMILY STEVENS  
In "The Unchastened Woman"



Sarony  
WILLIAM GILLETTE  
As Sherlock Holmes





Victor Georg ELSIE FERGUSON  
To continue for the present in "Outcast"



White JOHN MASON  
As the Judge in "Common Clay" (the Harvard Prize Play)



Mishkin ALLA NAZIMOVA  
To be seen in Tagore's new poetic tragedy

be very amusing called "Sh! It's a Secret!" Alla Nazimova will appear in a new poetic tragedy by Rabindranath Tagore, the East Indian dramatist who received the Nobel prize in literature. Leo Ditrichstein, who this season is under the management of Cohan & Harris, has a play from his own pen entitled "Jean Paurel." Blanche Ring is to appear in "Honor Bright," a new comedy by Catherine Chisholm Cushing. Billie Burke, who has severed connections with the Frohman offices, and is now under the management of her husband, Flo Ziegfeld, also has a comedy by Mrs. Cushing. Holbrook Blinn will appear in a war drama by Beulah Marie Dix entitled "Moloch." In the fall, James K. Hackett will play the title rôles in "Macbeth" and "Othello," and in "MacNeill of McNeill, V. C.," a romantic Scotch comedy by J. du Rocher Macpherson. May Irwin comes to the Park Theatre in "No. 13 Washington Square." Patricia Collinge will enact the leading feminine rôle in the stage version of Eleanor H. Porter's novel "Pollyanna." Effie Shannon is also in the cast.

"Search Me," by Augustin MacHugh, is now running at the Gaiety; and the Covington and Simonson farce, "Some Baby," has begun an engagement at the Fulton.

Other productions to be made are "Gamblers All," the popular London success; "Just Outside the Door," a new Jules Eckert Goodman play with Lenore Ulrich, Janet Dunbar and Ernest Truex in the cast; "Miss Rabbit Foot," an operetta by Emmerich Kalman, author of "Sari"; and a dramatization by Lee Morrison of the late Jacques Futrelle's novel "My Lady's Garter."

The Washington Square Players, who were highly successful last season at the Bandbox Theatre in presenting new and unusual plays, have sub-leased the playhouse and beginning mid-September will open a season of thirty weeks, presenting at least five productions.

William A. Brady announces an elaborate revival of Shakespeare's historical drama, Henry VIII.

The New Theatre, Central Park West, has been leased by a corporation known as the Ned Wayburn's Productions, Inc. The house is to be conducted as a music hall after the manner of London and continental music halls. The general plan includes structural changes that will require an expenditure of about \$50,000. Only minor alterations will be made in the auditorium. A stage box will be added at either side of the proscenium, and the addition of a row of chairs at the edge of the orchestra pit will bring the seating capacity up to 3,000.

The main lobby on the Central Park side will be retained for entrance and exit, while the Sixty-second Street lobby will be converted into a bar for men. The corresponding lobby on the Sixty-third Street side will be made into a refreshment room for women. The Vanderbilt room, which is the Circassian walnut room just off the mezzanine promenade, will become a refreshment and dancing room. A negro band will be stationed here, and will play for dancing.

Musical revues will be given in the audi-

torium for the present, although the style of entertainment may be varied in the future if the popularity of this type wanes. The first production will be made early next month. It is entitled "Town Topics,"

This season Grace George will assume the management of The Playhouse. She will open that theatre September 20th with "The New York Idea" by Langdon Mitchell.

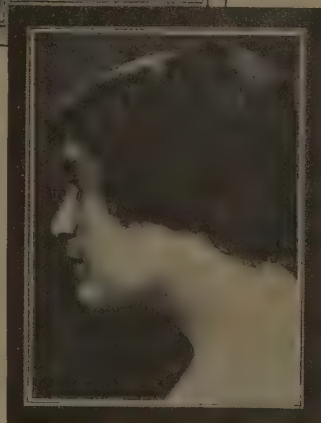
The Forty-eighth Street Theatre will be opened on September 15th with a new play by Charles Kenyon, the author of "Kindling." This is being produced in association with Arthur Hopkins, and the piece, as yet unnamed, deals with a phase of the marriage relation.

"Ruggles of Red Cap," a dramatization by Harrison Rhodes of Harry Leon Wilson's story, will be produced out of town by Mr. Brady on September 14th, with Ralph Herz as Ruggles and Laurence D'Orsay as the Honorable George. The play will have an early New York presentation.

This season, the Knickerbocker will be turned over to the motion picture industry. Plays of the Griffith-Ince-Sennett combination will be brought out weekly.



WM. COURTENAY  
In "Under Fire"



Floyd ELEANOR PAINTER  
To play the title rôle in "Princess Pat"



White MARIE TEMPEST  
In "The Duke of Killcrankie"



White PATRICIA COLLINGE  
As Pollyanna



# What's at the Theatre



White  
FRANCINE LARRIMORE  
As Sylvia in "Some Baby"

**BELASCO. "THE BOOMERANG."** Comedy in three acts by Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes. Produced August 10th with this cast:

Dr. Sumner, Arthur Byron; Budd Woodbridge, Wallace Eddinger; Preston de Witt, Gilbert Douglas; Heinrich, Richard Malchien; Hartley, William Boag; Mr. Stone, George Spelvin; Virginia Xelvia, Martha Hedman; Grace Tyler, Ruth Shepley; Marion Sumner, Josephine Parks; Gertrude Ludlow, Dorothy Megrue; Mrs. Craighton Woodbridge, Mrs. Harriet Otis Dellenbaugh.

This new Belasco production is a simple, pleasing little comedy made perfect by that co-operation of efficient means under the direction of a man who understands how to give the right values to the smallest detail. The very slightness of the material required a bit of over-elaboration here and there, but if there was a point lost anywhere we cannot imagine it. A doctor, who is more of a sportsman, at golf and hunting, than a practitioner, unexpectedly has his first patient. He has also, unexpectedly, employed a girl to "attend" his office, thinking at first that she was to be a patient but finding that she is seeking work. When his real patient appears he adopts a method of cure as suggested by the circumstances. The young patient has a malady that puzzles his mother, the not uncommon one—unrequited love. Mr. Wallace Eddinger, in playing this blighted being, at once engaged our interest. The doctor's plan is to play on jealousies. A bit obvious, but surely not too obvious. It could not be foreseen that the doctor himself was to seriously fall in love with his office girl. That is the Boomerang. Could there be anything simpler than this suggestion of the story suggests? That is the charm of it. It would have been an easy matter for Victor Mapes and Winchell Smith, the authors, and Mr. Belasco to have made it very complicated. As it is, the doctor, the nurse and the

**BELASCO. "THE BOOMERANG."** Amusing comedy, cleverly acted by Martha Hedman, Wallace Eddinger and other favorites.

**BOOTH. "THE BUBBLE."** That mirthful and artistic character actor, Louis Mann, in the rôle of a retail delicatessen keeper.

**CASINO. "THE BLUE PARADISE."** A merry musical play by Edgar Smith, based on a Viennese operetta and presenting a London comedian of repute and popularity.

**COMEDY. Taylor Holmes** in a farcical play entitled 'Mr. Myd's Mystery.'

**FORTY-FOURTH ST. "HANDS UP."** The usual hot weather show with only slim plot and not much to recommend it.

**FULTON. "SOME BABY."** Only mildly amusing farce in three acts by Zella Covington and Jules Simonson.

**GAIETY. "SEARCH ME."** A new comedy by Augustus MacHugh, who wrote "Officer 666."

**GLOBE. Those favorite comedians, Montgomery and Stone, in last season's great hit, "Chin-Chin."**

**HARRIS. "ROLLING STONES."** A new play by Edgar Selwyn with strong situations and picturesque settings.

**HUDSON. "UNDER FIRE."** Blood and thunder drama of the present European war.

**KNICKERBOCKER. "GIRL FROM UTAH."** Julia Sanderson, Donald Brian and Joseph Cawthorne in a revival of this popular operetta.

**LYRIC. "THE GIRL WHO SMILES."** Tuneful operetta, beautifully put on, but lacking in comedy.

**MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "NOBODY HOME."** Musical comedy of the usual Broadway type.

**NEW AMSTERDAM. "ZIEGFELD FOLLIES."** Huge vaudeville show with remarkable stage settings.

**THIRTY-NINTH ST. "THE LAST LAUGH."** Farce of a very elementary order with elaborate mechanical detail by the authors of "The Ghost Breaker."

**WINTER GARDEN. "THE PASSING SHOW OF 1915."** An exquisite ballet and fashion exhibit, but lacking in real "punch."

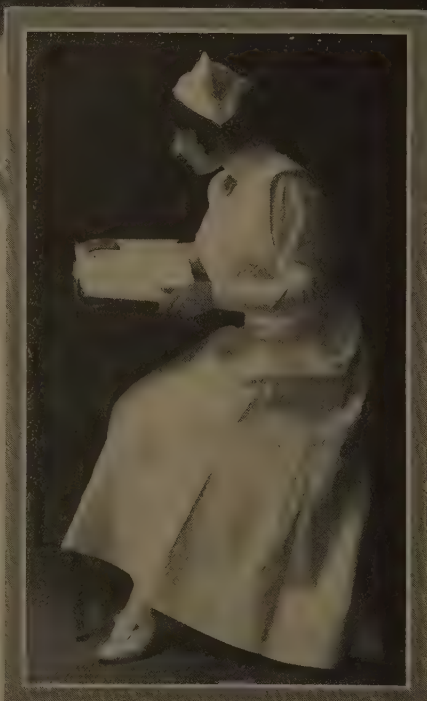


White  
VIVIENNE SEGAL  
In "The Blue Paradise"

patient transact the main business—Arthur Byron, Martha Hedman and Wallace Eddinger. The scenes are the play. They keep it going, but not at an equal pace. Awkwardly handled or acted some of them would hardly count. Altogether it is a veritable triumph of that skill that makes something out of every scrap. In addition to the three principals, Arthur Byron, Wallace Eddinger and Martha Hedman, Ruth Shepley, as the original cause of the jealous trouble, and Harriet Otis Dellenbaugh, the fond mother of the patient with the puzzling malady, were conspicuously interesting. The play may be accounted as one of Mr. Belasco's successful productions.



White



Chickering  
Inez Plummer in "The Last Laugh" at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre (in circle) Frank Lalor in "Some Baby" at the Fulton

**39TH STREET. "THE LAST LAUGH."** Farce in three acts by Paul Dickey and Charles W. Goddard. Produced on July 29th with this cast:

Dr. Bruce, Henry Harmon; Eugenia Bruce, Inez Plummer; Dr. Francis, Everett Butterfield; Bosco Stephen Maley; Dr. Dunlop, Albert Gran; Jim, Edward Abeles; Mary, Marian Murray; Dr. Wayne, Albert Sackett; Marie, Louise Corbin; Mike, Bernard Riggs; A Policeman, Herbert Main.

Perhaps "Frankenstein," by Mary Wollstonecroft Goodwin Shelley, was the inspiration which led Messrs. Paul Dickey and Charles W. Goddard to construct "The Last Laugh," the first farcical gun of the new season which was fired for the initial time at the 39th Street Theatre, on one of the hottest nights that July vouchsafed. It is more than likely, judging from content and treatment, that their idea came from one of those old-time minstrel after pieces presented more than twenty years ago with genuine artistic skill by those masters in burnt cork, Dan Bryant and Charley Backus. Certainly "The Last Laugh," from a literary viewpoint, will not add



to the reputation of the authors of "The Misleading Lady" or "The Ghost Breaker." To analyze the artistic or commercial value of a farce is always difficult. What invokes uproarious delight from one person may prove the cause of acute pain and anguish in another. "The Last Laugh" is very elementary stuff produced with a vast amount of adventitious but elaborate mechanical detail; consistent physical activity and tremendous vocal

emphasis. It concerns the attempt of an aged scientist to create a human life; cross purposed by others who substitute a fake. The scientist is wise to the subterfuge, "hence the wherefore." Edward Abeles is the star. He is a certain Jim, who for a consideration agrees to personate the inert mass of flesh and bones that is to be brought to life by the scientist's skill. Mr. Abeles works hard and perspires freely. His noisy wife is played noisily by Miss Murray. Inez Plummer and Everett Butterfield present a juvenile couple of lovers in the whom it would be impossible to enlist the slightest interest. Stephen Maley is a negro with nerves, and the scientist and a garrulous fellow physician are capably handled by Henry Harmon and Albert Gran.

**LYRIC. "THE GIRL WHO SMILES."** Musical comedy in three acts by Paul Hervé and Jean Briquet. English version by Adolf Philipp and Edward A. Paulton. Produced August 9th with this cast:

Paul Fabre, William Danforth; Anatole, Paul Decker; Marie, Natalie Alt; Pauline Legarde, Marie Fanchonetti; Madame Bouliere, Jennie Dickerson; Theodore, Ralph Bunker; Henriette, Lillian Spencer; Alphonse Duttier, Fred Walton; François Dechanelle, George Baldwin; Rudolf Tapine, Joseph Phillips; Pierre Renauld, Paul Hyde Davies; Clarisse Luniere, Grace Leigh; Fogère, Nace Bonville; Yvonne, Elsa Garrette; Modeste, Grace de Wolfe; Suzanne, Dorothy Dunn; Lucille, Irene Hoping.

It is quite extraordinary the remarkable chances a management will sometime take in a production involving thousands of dollars. "The Girl Who Smiles," at the Lyric, presented by the Times' Producing Corporation, is a case in point. In the way of costumes and scenery hardly anything could be desired; the company is one of really superior excellence, the score has just that certain quality calculated to invoke wide popularity, but the book, excellent in several points of original charm, is almost woefully devoid of humor. The author and composer are Paul Hervé and Jean Briquet jointly responsible for "Alma," "Adele" and "The Midnight Girl." The English version is by Philipp and Paulton.

Marie is the daughter of one of those very much overworked irascible stage fathers, Paul Fabre. She runs away from home, relieves an artist and his impecunious friends from the pangs of poverty and marries him. He wins the Grand Prix at Rome and their little baby boy, happily mute, brings about a reconciliation which, if somewhat out of place in musical comedy, has a distinct touch of pathetic humor. There is, of course, a useless son who gets tangled up with actress-models and the accompanying pair of juvenile idiots to whom Papa Fabre would marry his berated but beloved children. The second act takes place in a Parisian studio, meant to typify exuberant youth at its folliest moment.



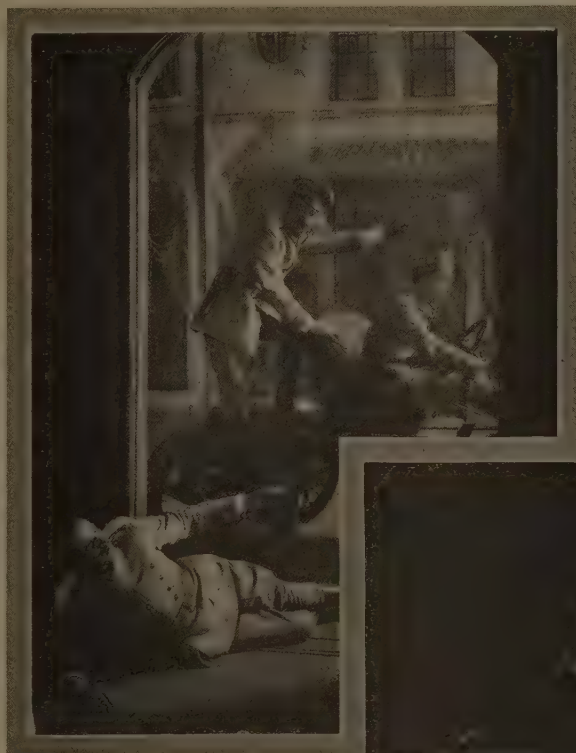
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Frances Demarest and group of girls in "The Blue Paradise" at the Casino



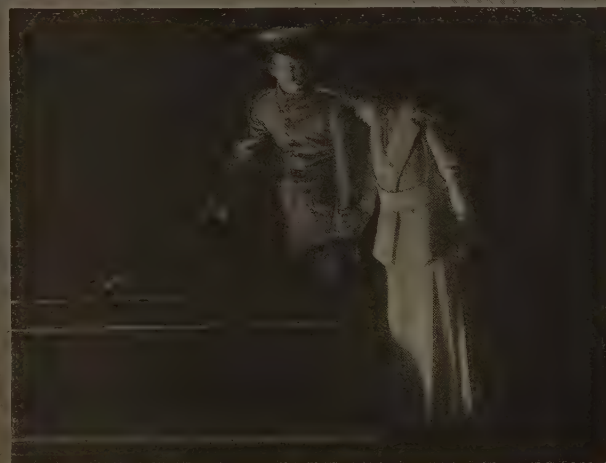
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Scene in "Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil" at the Portmanteau



White

William Courtenay and Felix Kremler in "Under Fire" at the Hudson



William Courtenay and Violet Heming in "Under Fire"

Stage managers by this time should realize that something more than noise and giggles is needed to represent the true spirit by *La Vie de Bohème*. Act II is Ben Teal—not Henri Murger. Briquet's score is very eclectic. If Oscar Straus, Delibes, Herbert and certain moderns have inspired him, who shall cavil? He has turned out a score that is replete with incessant rhythm, melody, fluency and saccharine charm. The orchestra is par-

ticularly pleasing. The exterior of the chateau which provides the setting for the first and second acts is prettily picturesque and artistically lighted.

Natalie Alt is an altogether charming Marie. Refined, restrained, artistic and pretty she sings and acts with irresistible charm. William Danforth is the conventional Papa, and Paul Decker is the imprudent son. Marie Fanchonetti is an agile maid who pairs off with a *chef* who prefers pigments to patés and canvas to ducks. Fred Walton portrays this character with his usual facile humor. George Baldwin as the hero artist is refreshingly human. Manly and earnest he is quite the real thing. Minor characters are in capable hands, Nace Bonville contributing a neat bit of character as the exigent landlord, while Grace Leigh as Clarisse Luniere reveals considerable temperament and an impeccable figure.

**CASINO. "THE BLUE PARADISE."** Musical play by Edgar Smith and Edmund Eysler. Produced August 5th with the following cast:

Mizzi, Vivienne Segal; An Officer, James Billings; The Meister, Wm. Belton; A Lady Guest, Carolyn Burke; A Diner, Eugene Hohenwart; Franz, Otto Schrader; Josef Stransky, Walter Armin; Hans Walthier, Robert G. Pitkin; Justus Hampel, Teddy Webb; Rudolph Stoeger, Cecil Lean; Hazel Jones, Cleo Mayfield; Rudolph Oberdorfer, Ted Lorraine; Director of Hotel, Joseph Dillon; Mrs. Gladys Wynne, Frances Demarest; Vera Hattie Burk; Baron Von Schlegan, James Billings; Chef, Eugene Hohenwart; Baroness Von Schlegan, Carolyn Burke; Countess Von Schwartzkoff, Bunty Davidson; Countess Von Houssman, Betty Barclay; Baroness Von Hahn, Gertrude Harrison.

Something merry from Vienna—this noteworthy in the present juncture of the affairs of the world. Dominating the performance is the broad and actively pacific smile of an Englishman, Cecil Lean, a London comedian of repute and popularity. He is a genial

(Continued on page 139)



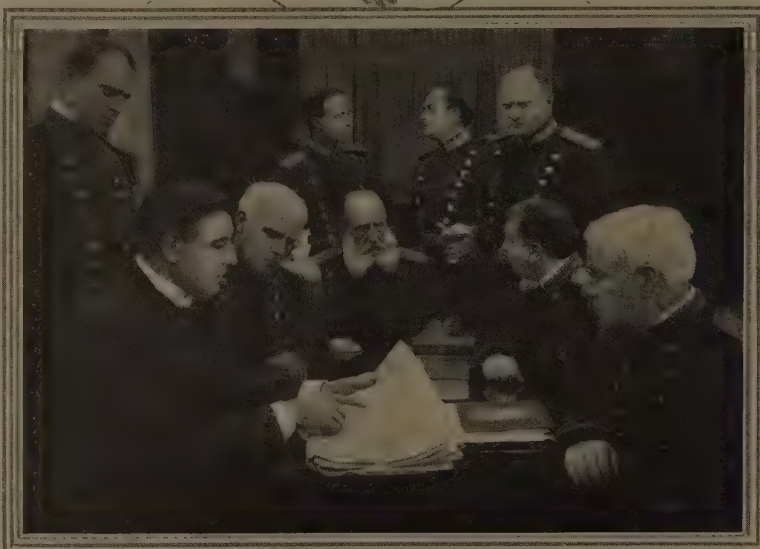


The hostile army entering New York City

## Awake America!



HOW far can the motion picture help the discussion of public questions? Quite recently President Wilson made a demand on the heads of the Army and Navy Departments for official reports regarding the condition and preparedness for defense of the sea and land forces of the United States. For some time alarming statements have been made by competent army and navy officers regarding our unpreparedness to meet a sudden attack by a hostile power. It has been positively stated that in the event of war our small army would be quite helpless to prevent the landing of a large force, and that our great seaport cities, New York, Boston, and Philadelphia would lie at the mercy of the brutal invader.



Planning the defense of America. The war college in session

an appropriation for a larger navy and standing army. It cries in no uncertain terms, Awake, America!

The picture tells the story of the invasion of the United States by an unnamed power of the first class. It shows New York City in the possession of a hostile force, and tells what happens to two American families, the tragic incidents following fast one upon the other, until the death of every member of both families—father, mother and children.

Hudson Maxim, the distinguished inventor, in a lecture given at Carnegie Hall, declares that the unpreparedness of the United States is a grave menace. His speech is received with

To bring this matter, of vital concern to every American, before the whole country, in such vivid fashion that its significance cannot be underestimated or overlooked, the Vitagraph Company is now exhibiting a picture which in a way is as sensational as has ever been thrown on the screen. It was written, directed and produced by Commodore J. Stuart Blackton, President of the Vitagraph Company, and is called "The Battle Cry of Peace." Its immediate object, it is said, is less to make money for its producers than to convince Congress and the country of the peril at hand. It is intended to be the standard bearer for the "preparedness propaganda," to point out stronger than any words or figures could present the danger that threatens. It is an argument presented in a series of startling pictures of the necessity of

acclaim, and among the first to reach the platform is John Harrison, a young banker. He congratulates the speaker on his stirring address, and filled with anxiety hastens to his house—a typical American home of the better class. Although scoffed at for worrying, John determinedly maintains the peril is imminent. Next we see the home of T. Septimus Vandergrift, who detests all thought of war. Here Mr. Maxim's speech also is the topic of discussion, which is interrupted by the entrance of John Harrison, who is engaged to the daughter, Virginia. With the entrance of Harrison the argument becomes heated and is only interrupted when Mr. Emanon, who looks like a foreigner, joins the party. Emanon and Vandergrift go to a meeting which has for its object the complete disarmament of the United States. The peace meeting ends in a riot. Later that same night



An American citizen (Charles Richman) at bay

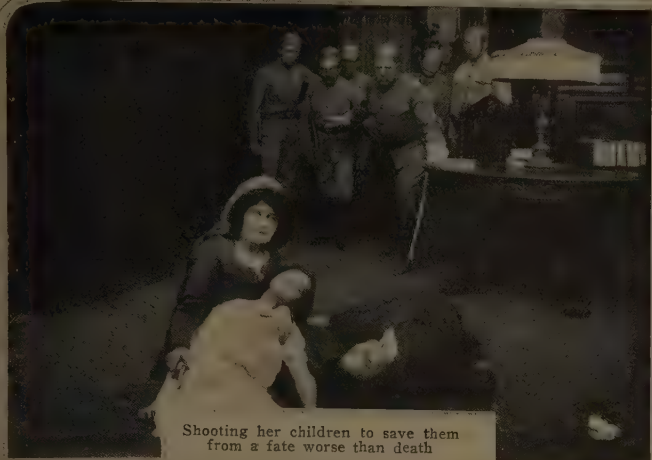


Enemy scouts overtaking American refugees

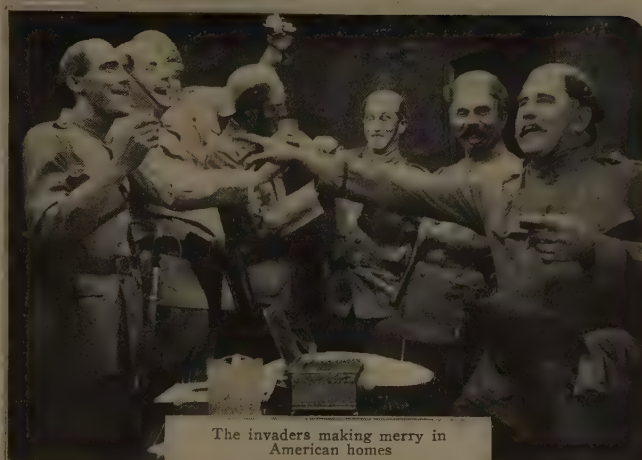


American citizens sentenced to be shot as spies





Shooting her children to save them from a fate worse than death



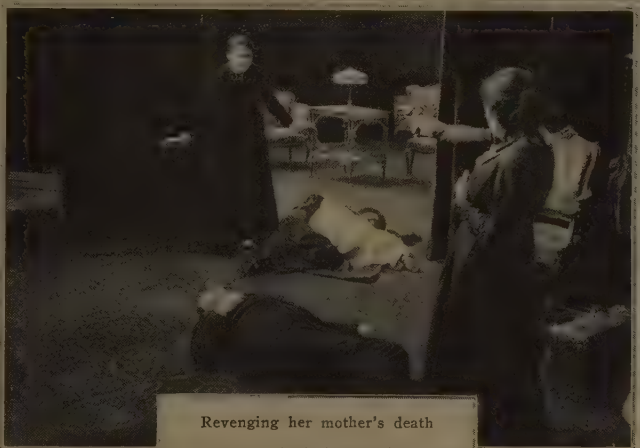
The invaders making merry in American homes

there is another meeting, this time of spies, at which Emanon presides, and a toast to the seizure of America "within the month" is drunk. The invasion of America is begun, and the subjection of New York City is shown as being a matter of only a few hours. In the midst of the wild terror caused by the destruction of New York City, John Harrison rushes to his own home, where he finds the house wrecked and his gray-haired mother dead. The sight of John's younger sister, also dead, arouses him to a frenzy, and he swears to be revenged.

In the meantime, in the Vandergrift home hurried preparations have been made and Emanon has gone there apparently to aid their departure. There is a meeting between Emanon and John, in which the latter first realizes the duplicity of the spy. Troops are heard marching through the street, and as they advance Emanon quickly draws a revolver and fires through the window, killing one of the troopers and directing the wrath of the invading officers to the Vandergrift home. Emanon accuses John and Vandergrift of having fired



Hudson Maxim congratulated on his preparedness speech



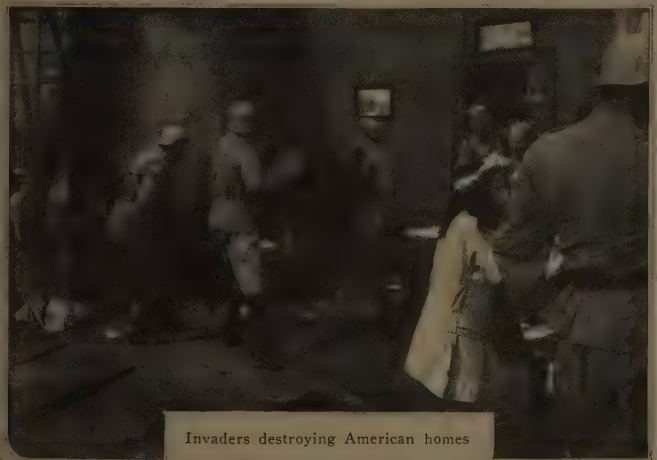
Revenge her mother's death

the shots, and they are placed under arrest. This evidence is corroborated by the governess, and the men are torn from their family and taken out to be shot.

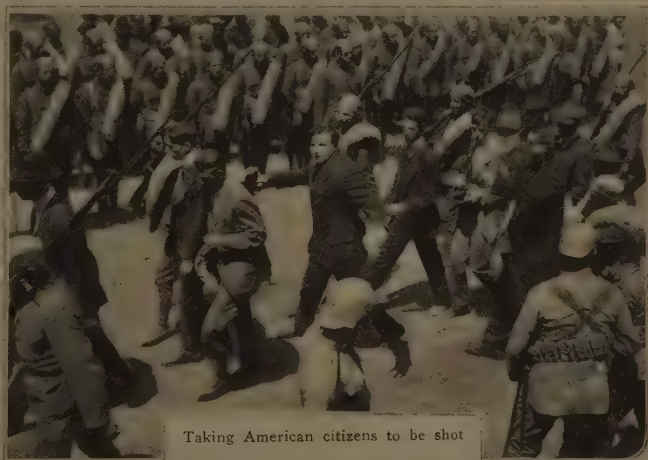
Prominent public men are said to have endorsed the picture, which, it is hoped, will arouse the American public from its apathy.

"I spent many sleepless nights over the script," said Commodore Blackton, "and I personally secured the endorsement of such prominent men as Secretary of War Garrison, Assistant Secretary of Navy Franklin D. Roosevelt, Dr. Lyman Abbott, General Leonard Wood, and many others.

"The hard part of making the production came when I began work on the uniforms for the invaders. It would have been an easy matter to adapt a uniform, but I had to consider the international complications that might arise if I trod on the toes of some foreign power. I designed a special uniform, unlike any other worn. I defy anyone to find in it the slightest resemblance to the uniform of any power. I spent a great deal of time in designing the helmet and it is absolutely original."



Invaders destroying American homes



Taking American citizens to be shot



## MISS ANGLIN IN GREEK TRAGEDY

THE University of California has conferred a supreme distinction upon Margaret Anglin and Margaret Anglin bestowed distinction upon that fine Western institution of learning. The University chose Miss Anglin to present Greek plays in its Greek Theatre for the entertainment of visitors to the Pan-American Exposition. Reciprocally Miss Anglin gave to California one of the rarest feasts of beauty that beauty sated State has ever enjoyed.

On August 14th she presented in that classic stadium built upon the model of the partially preserved open air theatre of Epidaurus Euripides' "Iphigenia in Aulis." On August 21st she gave to view and hearing of a cosmopolitan audience, beneath the stars, at beautiful Berkeley, Sophocles "Medea." A week later she completed the dramatic trinity with the "Electra" of Sophocles.

That Miss Anglin was exclusively chosen to produce and interpret the products of the intellectual giants of ancient Greece to an all-round-the-world audience was as signal a tribute as could be paid to any daughter of Thespis. More significant than crowning her with laurel, because it said in effect: "Come, you who are worthy the laurel, and show us by what gifts and qualities laurel is won."

Not only did Miss Anglin by her triple production and performance prove her intellectual and dramatic grasp of the work of the great Greeks, but she evinced a laudable self-reliance. Boldly, with the courage of the pioneer, she left the broad highway of usual interpretations and struck into the jungle of the unprecedented. The Greek chorus had been three, then fifteen. She made it approximate one hundred, that the volume of voices and the force of the effect might not be lost amidst the perfumed air of the Berkeley hills.

Bald, bespectacled students of Greek might quarrel with her determination to present the plays by night. "The Greek plays have always been presented by day," they might complain, but smilingly Miss Anglin flouted their complaints. "Night is the most poetic and beautiful parcel of hours. I shall present beautiful plays in the most beautiful way I can, and night and the stars will be my aids." If you present Greek plays in a manner literally Greek the characters will be presented by none save male players. Yet Miss Anglin herself interpreted gentle Iphigenia, vengeful Electra or the crafty, murderous Medea, and selected her leading woman of several seasons in a wide range of plays, Ruth Holt Boucicault, for Clytemnestra.

Her striking with flapping wings the grave countenance of tradition, her declaration of intellectual independence, was rewarded by huge and enthusiastic audiences and by eulogies from public and press.

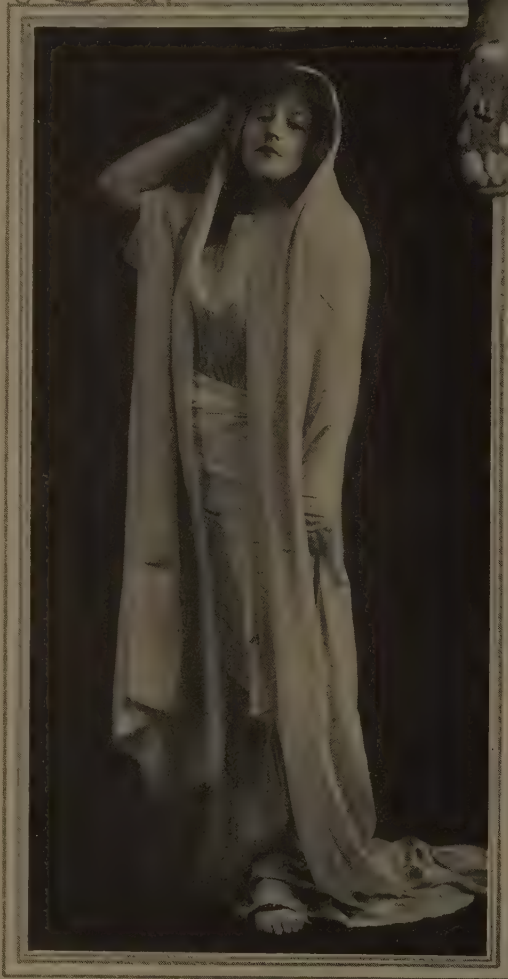
It would satisfy the ambition of most actresses to play three rôles as different and compelling as Iphigenia, Medea and Electra in a lifetime of stage endeavor. Miss Anglin packed these achievements within the time space of three weeks. But with Miss Anglin it is not enough to play. She has the producer's instinct. To direct a finely balanced whole is to her as satisfying as to illuminate a character with all that is in the character and herself.

To succeed is to lose yourself in your work. Wherefore Miss Anglin lost herself in that span of a woman's life comprehended by the soft yieldings of Iphigenia at Aulis, the consecrated, filial vengeance of Electra and the brooding, bursting fury of Medea, and in the myriad of details that comprised the trinity of productions.

Walter Damrosch composed and directed the music. Livingston Platt supervised the technical production, including the greatly important manipulation of the lights that should be subservient to the stars. Gustave von Seiffertitz was the stage director.



Underwood & Underwood  
MARGARET ANGLIN AS MEDEA



MISS ANGLIN AS IPHIGENIA

The woman who achieved a work so unique is, speaking the broadest sense, an American. She was born in the spacious apartments in Government House at Ottawa, where her father was Speaker. She inherited the Irish dramatic bent and ability through a long line of distinguished Celts. She came to New York seeking her stage fortune, straight from a convent where she had been the best elocutionist in school. She became a pupil of the Stanhope Wheatcroft school and her first essay upon the stage was as the leading woman of "The Adventures of Ursula" with E. H. Sothern, on the stage of the old and famous Lyceum Theatre. She was leading woman for Richard Mansfield. She was the leading woman of the Empire Stock Company, and rose above the shoulder height of most leading women when she played with subtle intelligence and emotional force Dane in "Mrs. Dane's Defence." For several seasons she was co-star with Henry Miller. Latterly she has been her own manager, producing Shakespearean plays, reviving "Lady Windermere's Fan," and making excursions into old and modern comedies.

Many discriminating theatre-goers, long-gone to eyes, believe that they perceive in Margaret Anglin the legitimate successor to Julia Marlowe, who has just announced her retirement from the stage, for the title of the greatest American actress, that title being based upon versatility. For from quizzical Beverly in July to gentle Iphigenia, brooding Electra and raging Medea in August, is to bridge a chasm impossible to the mediocre, or to those deficient in the twin qualities indispensable to high achievement, purpose and power.



## ■ Perpetuating Charles Frohman's Work ■

*Augustus Thomas, the well-known dramatist, tells how he will interpret the artistic policies of the late manager.*

IN the announcement that Augustus Thomas will be the Art Director in the reorganized Frohman Company, is an admission that Charles Frohman was actually the artistic head of his American and English productions. The executive staff that surrounded him for many years must have felt the artistic void which his sudden death caused in a business that had reached its most important and most reliable position in affairs of the stage. Those who regard the theatre as an institution, a contribution to our national comfort, closely allied as he made it to literature, will be encouraged to find that the standards of Charles Frohman's art will be perpetuated. They will continue to stand for the inspirational endeavors he himself began over thirty years ago, as a pioneer for the best in comedy and drama. There is ample guarantee in this announcement that Charles Frohman's industry for those things only that he believed were worth while in the theatre will be sustained by Augustus Thomas.

As he steps into the artistic niche in the theatre that Charles Frohman filled, the obvious question is, How will he fill it? Though relieved of many other burdens Mr. Frohman himself carried, by the heads of other departments in the new Frohman company, the most important share of the work ahead will devolve upon Mr. Thomas.

His work involves: the choice of plays, their stage adaptation and production, the selection of actors and actresses to appear in them, the actual direction in the staging of them—in short, the moulding of them into an artistic proportion with the discretion that Charles Frohman was known to have.

He does not accept the task with any sense of the power it gives him, because his prestige has long been established. Besides being regarded as our foremost American dramatist, Augustus Thomas is that individual type of an American whom we associate with executive character. He brings to the new Frohman company the complex qualities for which Charles Frohman stood—artistic sympathy and discretion.

It is a fruition of his abilities, by which through that indefinable element we call fate he finds himself the active advisor in the future artistic destinies of the players and the playwrights whom Charles Frohman established in his lifetime. From this beginning his responsibilities will increase, for he will no doubt add new names to the list of those who have mellowed in the care of Charles Frohman's art.

This brief analysis comes first, because it is a faithful impression after talking with Augustus Thomas of his new relations.

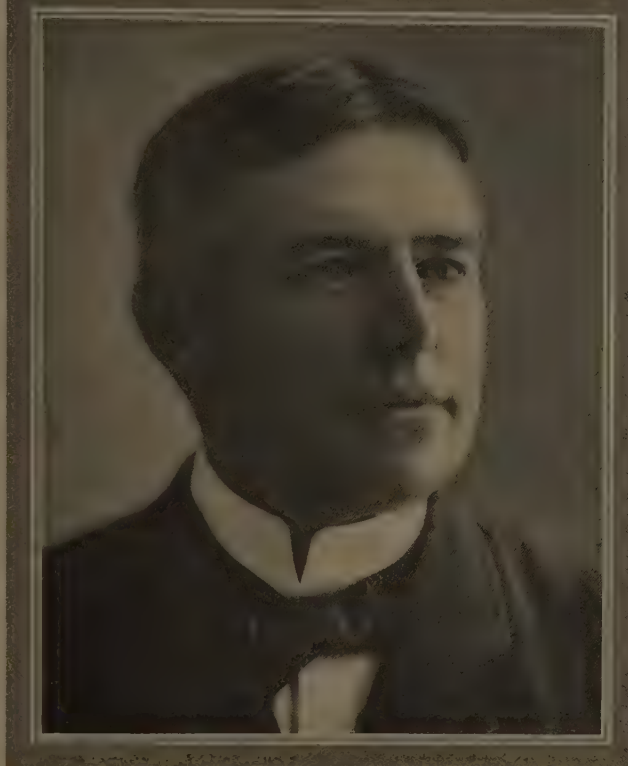
He has grown quite gray, otherwise he looks as he did twenty years ago. Positive he always was, analytical in his instinct for truth and its foundations he still is. He still retains that exactitude of expression that assassinates the wrong word instantly, that sympathy with character even though he sees through its transparencies, that keen interest in the new things that are being done in the theatre—and above all things he retains that deep loyalty to the stage for everything it gives that is intelligent. He has always insisted upon a personal artistic responsibility in the production of his own plays, and always had it.

This means that he will be exacting in his obligations to the memory of Charles Frohman, with the artistic legacy arranged for him.

But, he enters upon his duties to perpetuate Charles Frohman's life work, in warm accord with the presiding "stars," whom he has known for years.

"They are among the best," he said, "what more can be done than to give the public the best?"

Sitting on the wide porch of his bungalow in the woods, bounded three



Rosch

AUGUSTUS THOMAS

Art director of the reorganized Frohman company.

miles to the north by Easthampton and John Drew, we reviewed the exact conditions ahead of him in his new directorship.

"As far as I can see in the short time I have been occupied in this capacity my duties will be those of advisory art director," he said. Then he grew sphinx-like, silent.

"You will be consulted on all questions of plays, players and stage direction?"

"I have seen no evidence of anything but the utmost frankness toward me in that respect," he said.

"You know, Charles Frohman's relations with everyone in his long and distinguished career as a producer were based on mutual goodwill. Probably some of his best contracts were unwritten. My relations in perpetuation of this test of mutual interest begin in the same way. They are characteristic, descriptive of the sympathy Mr. Frohman always had with his own people. Doubtless the unwritten law of mutual perception has become a habit in the Frohman offices. It has the advantage of considerations more potent than dollars and cents, especially in a business like the theatre, that concerns the emotions.

"Personally, my acquaintance with Mr. Frohman dated from the beginning of his career, and has been extended to everyone about him in the intervening years. Above all things, Charles Frohman was a constructive

man. He thoroughly enjoyed the work he was born to do. A new play was to him a new child brought into the stage world, by him, and his obligations toward it were zealous and loyal. His regard for the actors and actresses under his management was always protective, constructive, and ceaselessly thoughtful. The sub-stratum of Charles Frohman's distinction in America and in England was an inexhaustible sympathy with the theatre. He had a keen instinct for drama, a true feeling for the literary quality in a play, and a tact in the administration of his business that attached everyone to him. The zest of his work was, in final analysis, constructive. He preferred to make 'stars,' rather than acquire them. He was the pioneer, I think, in that idea. Some one went to him once with the proposal that he take under his management one of our greatest established stars, who at that time was managed elsewhere.

"It doesn't interest me simply to manage an established star," he said; 'I want to feel that I have done something for them besides merely being their manager'

"And he declined the opportunity of obtaining one of the best money-making stars on the American stage."

The sympathy with which Augustus Thomas will undertake to maintain Charles Frohman's standards were here clearly indicated, but how was he going to begin the work?

"Most of the plans for next season were made before Mr. Frohman took his disastrous trip to Europe on the *Lusitania*. These will all be carried out."

"But the task of staging the plays already scheduled?"

"I have been directing my own plays for thirty years, and I shall find that a pleasure."

"There will be consultations with authors, necessary changes in plays?"

"Possibly, but that is purely a problem of being in sympathy with the playwright and the actor. As to the 'stars' themselves, I am on sufficiently friendly terms with them through many years of mutual respect.

"John Drew is one of the best actors on the American stage. His intelligence and sympathy with a director is only equaled by his fine technique and finished methods. William Gillette can take care of himself, writing his own plays, probably, and directing them. Maude Adams is scarcely an artistic problem, being an established artist. Ethel Barrymore



will pursue the course in which Charles Frohman encouraged her, and Julia Sanderson, Donald Brian and Joe Cawthorne will appear this season in the musical play which Mr. Frohman himself designed for them. As it was Mr. Frohman's custom to direct final rehearsals, it will be my work to do the same, to make the final preparations, to correct, if necessary, and assist in a complete artistic whole. One can only do one's best to further the artistic standard that Charles Frohman himself created.

"It was Mr. Frohman's custom, when he found need for it, to call upon some one of his many dramatist friends to see a new play, and perhaps write in a new scene here and there.

"Go and look at it," he would say to a playwright, 'and write me a few lines in that place, strengthen that scene for me, and a little dialogue.'

"And it was done; sometimes it was written on a sheet or two of hotel paper, or on a rough pad. It was done because of the unwritten law of good-will that pervaded everything Charles Frohman ever did."

"In casting the play, you will select the cast?"

"I shall probably know something about it."

This brought up the issue which involves the career of those ambitious young actors and actresses whose goal for years has been to get with Charles Frohman.

"It seems to me that it is more difficult than it was to secure young men for the theatre," said Mr. Thomas.

"In America there are so many broader and bigger opportunities for young men than the stage can offer them, so much pressure put upon them by other chances for a career, that desirable young men who have the temperament and gift for acting are difficult to find. In England it has been much easier, because there has been a pressure in favor of the stage as a career. As to young women, there are many more available than young men. As a rule, young girls mature earlier, and their talent keeps pace with their youth, so that there are really a great many more young actresses to choose from than young actors."

When Augustus Thomas produced "The Witching Hour," he admitted pressing a theme in dramatic form; then followed "The Harvest Moon," a play with a scientific thesis in psychology. So the question direct was put to him to invite the retort courteous on this point.

"Is it your purpose to favor plays that have a theme like your own?"



Photos Sarony  
GLADYS' FELDMAN  
In the "Ziegfeld Follies"



IRENE HOPPING  
In "The Girl Who  
Smiles"



OLIVE THOMAS  
Appearing in the "Ziegfeld Follies" at the New Amsterdam

"Charles Frohman, to my knowledge, never produced theme-plays. His standard of a play was its power to entertain. He produced everything, melodrama, farce, comedy, satire, every sort of play, I think, but a revue. The sole object of a play is entertainment, preferably entertainment for the higher mind, but not inevitably. That is my reason for believing that the motion pictures have reached their limit. They can never supply the needs of the higher mind, because they lack the trajectory quality of the spoken word. A few spoken words tell more to the imagination in the progress of drama

than reels of photography can. When the patrons of moving pictures have grown tired of ceaseless action, when they have advanced, as we all do, in our mental vision, they will generalize for themselves more swiftly than the camera can for them, and they will find in the spoken words of the drama a wider appeal to their emotions. For instance, the word 'war' is in itself an instantaneous eight-reel film. So is 'speed,' so is 'love,' and 'hate,' and 'forgive.' I mean that each one of these words is translated by the higher mind in a generalization of dramatic pictures that no camera can supply so quickly.

"Of course, we know that the moving picture has done for our gallery and balcony, but we can scarcely reduce our prices and maintain the art of our productions. On the other hand, the moving picture play has impressed our dramatists with the need of increased action in their plays, of swifter movement in such action. And we have learned a great deal in the lighting problems of the stage from the motion picture. We have discovered that, without footlights, we get much truer emotional expression from the actors."

"Will you experiment with new lighting effects?"

"Others have done it, no doubt we shall. It would be a great advantage if we could dispense with footlights altogether, and so relieve the actor of much in his make-up that is done solely to counteract the false shadows which footlights throw on the face. I don't know that Granville Barker solved the idea in his experiments last winter at Wallack's Theatre, but that may have been due to hindrances in the theatre itself, which was very old, and too worn for a young idea at its best. Probably we shall accomplish some new plans in

(Continued on page 142)





Photo Hoppe

LAURETTE TAYLOR, WHO WILL SOON RETURN TO BROADWAY IN A NEW PLAY BY J. HARTLEY MANNERS

After a successful engagement in London in "Peg o' My Heart," Miss Taylor will return to Broadway to be seen in her husband's play, "Happiness." This popular actress' career proves that barnstorming and melodramas will not ruin a player's prospects, provided she has ability above the barnstorming and melodrama level. Not many years ago she was playing in a repertoire company in "Rich for a Day," "Yosemite," and other melodramas. Nor did she disdain to take tickets in a small theatre in Seattle. New York remembers her in the support of Joseph Santley in the play, "From Rags to Riches," at the Fourteenth Street Theatre. As the leading woman in "Alias Jimmy Valentine" she made a deeply

distinct impression. Successively in "The Great John Ganton" and in "The Seven Sisters" she deepened that impression. She went to that city where it is said every actor owns a home, Los Angeles, and there for two years rounded and enriched her art and raised to yet higher power her versatility. She returned to Broadway in "The Bird of Paradise" as Luana, creating a rôle unlike anything she had yet played and once more establishing herself a warm favorite with metropolitan audiences. Her greatest triumph followed in "Peg o' My Heart," in which she played for two years at the Cort Theatre in New York, and for a full season in London.



# "How I Made My Success"

## Charlie Chaplin.

*It will surprise most readers to know that it wasn't "foolishness" that made Charles Chaplin successful, but good hard common sense applied to the study and art of getting real 20 carat laughter out of the movie fans. His own story is as clever as it is new and interesting.*

I SUPPOSE the real answer to this question, which has been put to all kinds of people, has never been truthfully made. Success is the result of so many queer surprises, and unexpected opportunities, that it is almost impossible to identify the exact ingredient of the delightful result.

The best knowledge a man could get of his own success, I suppose is the opinion of other people. I sometimes slip into a theatre where a "Charlie Chaplin" feature is advertised. On one of these occasions I sat near a fond parent who had brought his little girl to see it. He laughed at the picture. So did his daughter. It seemed to amuse them, and the pleasure which the child took in it all had about begun to make me feel that my work was worth while.

The picture over, the father turned to me and said:

"That guy Chaplin is kind of funny, ain't he?"

I didn't deny it.

"He's got it pretty soft," continued the father, "works a picture that takes a half hour, gets 5,000 plunks a week for it."

Very gently I attempted to deny that Charlie Chaplin got any such fabulous salary.

"Oh yes, he does," said the man, "I got a sister-in-law that's with a moving picture firm, and that's inside stuff. The world ain't right, neighbor. Here's a 'little guy' that's just a slapstick artist, that pulls down more coin in a week than you or I do in a year. We work for our bit, but he works a couple hours a day, sort of waddles over the screen and we all give him the laugh because we got the habit."

"Well, you only pay a nickel, don't you?" I said.

"Sure, I ain't kicking. He gives me my run for my money. But get this, he ain't big enough to land a bale of hay on the back of a feed wagon, and because he happens to be in moving pictures, he's getting more money than the king of Sweden. It ain't right, neighbor, it ain't right."

Undoubtedly this was impartial criticism, and I did not argue with the man, because I could never have convinced him how hard that "little guy" really had worked.

Comedy, when I first went into it, seemed a very easy



CHARLIE CHAPLIN

way of making a living. I thought then, as most people do, it was the simplest thing in the world. To-day, when I recall my first work in moving pictures, I can't understand how I was tolerated. I had given the subject no real thought, but it was not long before I realized that even a man with special comic gifts will not last long in the amusement business, unless he studies and works.

It may seem rather out of place for the "little guy" whom you see trotting about in funny situations before you on the screen, to talk about comedy as if it were a science, but I find that my application to the study of the subject has helped me enormously to what measure of success I enjoy.

Comedy is a strange thing, it is a most intricate calculation, the closest sort of character study, and the student must have intense sympathy with the serious troubles of his humorous characters. The comedy that amuses the world to-day, is identically the same as that which made the inhabitants of Babylon, or the Greek and Roman populace writhe and roll over with merriment in their big open-air stadiums. Only the methods have changed. I suppose every age of the world has considered itself on the highest point of development. Man is an egoist, and the man of any age has always seen himself the centre of a picture. In the heavy pages of history from the year 2110 B. C. up to our present 1915 A. D. comedy weaves its way. What is known as comic relief, has always been directly opposite to the spirit of the times in which it prevailed. The more intellectual the period, the more boisterous successful comedy became. Barbarians had very little sense of humor. That is why the mis-shapen jester or the king's fool was a very poor comedian according to our idea of comedy. He got his laughs by playing on words, or mimicking a courtier, who was out of favor. He said wise things, in an attitude that made his audience believe they were funny. He was the end man in the world's minstrel show, and the king was very often the interlocutor.

You see, in those days it was not at all a funny thing to hit a man on the head with a mallet or jab him with a sword. That sort of thing was part of every day life.



The epigram was the standard of humor, for there were no funny situations to speak of. Much of the chivalry of those days seems absurd to us. If a young man to-day takes off his overcoat, and throws it over a wet puddle in the street, so his lady can walk across dry shod, it will be sure of a laugh from any modern audience.

Briefly, this suggests that comedy has a history, and a professional comedian must study it. I was too young to take the subject up very seriously when I started. In fact I doubt whether I was a comedian at all, when I made my first appearance on the stage, at the age of three, in my mother's arms. To be sure, her first appearance with me, did represent a funny situation in the play, but I didn't know it at the time. Four years later, when I was seven, I began my career as an actor. I did a clog dance in a London theatre, then I appeared in a play called "Rags to Riches."

It was then considered advisable that I acquire some sort of education, and I was sent to Hern Boys' College, near London. Here I stayed for two years, professionally becalmed, taking on some sort of cargo of an educational nature but which I do not think proved to be of much importance in after life. On leaving school, I returned to the stage, and was in Charles Frohman's company in London for three years, and with William Gillette, for whom I played "Billy" in "Sherlock Holmes." I started in with a very respectable intention, for I wanted to be a serious actor. I can't quite remember how I drifted into the "funny business." My ambitions were all towards being a leading man, or a heroic star. All my energies, all my study as a youth were along those lines. I never even thought of trying to become a comedian. It was just an accident.

At the moment when I had become a little discouraged with my progress, in what actors call the legitimate drama, I got an offer from Fred Karno, to play a part in a vaudeville piece called "A Night In An English Music Hall." It was totally a funny sketch, and I was cast for the part of a drunken spectator who was constantly giving his frank opinions from his seat in the box. This was the critical turning point in my career. I saw that the profession was hopelessly overcrowded, and that there was a large element of luck in the life of a successful actor. I was influenced to take this part also because I needed a rest, and change of work is the best kind of rest. After a season in London and the suburbs with this sketch, we came to America with it.

I worked very hard on the character of the drunken man, wanting to get everything possible out of it, and as it seemed to be successful, I was almost contented. While I was playing the part in this country, I received a very liberal offer to go into moving pictures, which I accepted at once. It is in my work on the screen that I have come to find that the real development of comedy is a very fascinating study. The longer I stay at it, the harder I work, for it takes every bit of a man's time, thought and energy. Then, it repays him immediately with the joy of work conscientiously done.

My first work was with Marie Dressler in "Tillie's Punctured Romance." I was engaged as leading man, and we became co-stars.

Most of the little plays in which I have appeared in moving pictures I have written myself. I learn something new every day. All there is in moving picture comedy is to study the fundamentals. After all, that's all there is in life, and it takes a lifetime to find them out. If I were to attempt to explain the method by which my share of success in moving pictures has been obtained, they would not apply for someone else to work out. My methods are my own, created and developed to reflect my personality, and what is best for me and my work. There may be technical rules in comedy, but I don't think you could standardize them. Comedy is the most serious study in the world.

There is no study in the art of acting that requires such an accurate

and sympathetic knowledge of human nature, as comedy work. To be successful in it, one must acquire the gift of studying men at their daily work.

When I write a new play for the screen, I lay out my plot first, then I put it aside, and I start out to find my characters in real life. First of all, of course, I search for the man I am going to represent myself. When I find that man, I follow him, watch him at his work, and his fun, at the table, and every other place I can see him. Often, I will study one man for a week before I am ready to go on with the play. Generally, the best situations in a play, the funniest, will either be an exaggeration of

such action in real life that I have seen my counterpart pass through, but which was not at all funny in itself.

I have always tried to avoid burlesque, or at least not to depend upon it. I strive for naturalness in all my action. One of the best instances of how I put a play together and how I worked to develop it, is in the story of one of my plays called "The Tramp."

The inspiration for it came from an accidental meeting with a hobo in a street in San Francisco. He had the usual symptoms of his class, he was suffering a little from lack of food, and intensely from lack of drink. I made a cheerful proposition to him, offering him both, and asking him which he would have first.

"Why," he said, "if I get hungry enough, I can eat grass. But, what am I going to do for this thirst of mine. You know what water does

to iron? Well, try to think what it will do for your insides."

We went into a barroom, he got the drink, and we sat right down then and there to have a bite of lunch. The food and the drink warmed him and brought to the surface the irresponsible joy of life possessed by the nomad and the ne'er-do-well. He told me the story of his life. Of long jaunts through the beautiful country, of longer rides on convenient freights, of misfortunes which attend the unfortunate who are found stealing a ride on a "side-door pullman," and of the simplicity of the farmers who lived only a short distance from the city. It was a delight to hear him talk, to gather from it the revelations of his character, to watch his gestures, and his trick of facial expression. All these elements were carefully watched by me, and noted for future reference. He was rather surprised when we parted, at my profuse thanks. He has given me a good deal more than I had given him, but he didn't know it. He had only obtained a little food and drink and a chance talk from me. From him, I had a brand new idea for a picture.

The moment I left him, I sat down to develop my plot. The play was really written around a character from life. I imagined him on some of his wanderings through the country. I introduced the situation of a beautiful country girl befriending him. Remembering his contempt for rural people and things, I constructed an imaginary series of episodes dealing with his life on the farm. I invented the situation of his falling in love with the girl, my tramp friend did not suggest any romance in his hobo life. With the completion of the scenario came the real work.

It took three weeks hard labor to complete that two-reel comedy. I worked with every individual actor. I explained to them the tramp's point of view, and I tried to make them respond as country people would to a tramp. At first the other actors could not grasp the idea. That was very natural, because the idea was mine, and I had to give it to others before they could make it live. We rehearsed over fifty times some of the small situations. A little thing like the twist of a foot on a ladder, or dropping a bag of meal on a man's head, took hours and hours of time. This was because I was striving for naturalness, and it meant intense concentration and hard work for all of us.

The Essanay management have made

(Continued on page 142)



Charlie Chaplin in two of his best-known poses





Pavlova herself flamed on the projectivium like a night-blooming Cereus. She was ever on her mettle; she was never in more splendid form. She flung the ardor of her whole aesthetic being into every appearance. Twelve ballets and over one hundred divertissements were given. The ballets, "The Magic Flute," "Flora's Awakening," the merry "Puppen Fee," "Amarilla," "Coppelia," "Invitation to the Dance," "Raymonda's Dream," "Walpurgis Night," and "Chopiniana," were repeated over and over again by request. In "Amarilla" Pavlova revealed herself to the West as the greatest actress among the great dancers.

It was the charming divertissements, however, which stirred most deeply a wide-spread aesthetic appreciation. Seven or eight of these dance poems were given every night in addition to the ballet. New solos, new *pas de deux* and *pas de trois* were interpreted nightly. With the exception of a single performance in San Francisco the lovely new solo "The California Poppy" was danced by the star for the first time. It has been developed with music by Tschaikowsky into a sonnet of touching imagery. In a costume of brilliant crimson and gold petals she portrays the life of the flower from the bud to blooming maturity at mid-day and then to death at sunset. Other novelties for two or three dancers were frequent, in which Pavlova was admirably supported by Volinine, Clustine and Oukrainsky.

The entire ballet Russe rose to the occasion with the highest expression of their art. Plaskovietzka, Stasia Kuhn, Svirkaia, Clustine, Oukrainsky, Pavley, Vajinski, Kobeleff, Butsova and Crombova appeared to the best advantage. Volinine made a superb conquest. Plaskovietzka charmed everyone. Pavley and Oukrainsky achieved the greatest success. Costumes by Bakst, special scenery, a symphony orchestra conducted by Theodore Stier made the engagement one artistically complete and satisfying.

In view of the charm and exotic beauty of the surroundings this appearance of the ballet Russe was quite unique. The Midway Gardens have no like in Europe or America. The great amphi-theatre is constructed in the manner of an Assyrian-Babylonian courtyard. Surrounding the arena the walls of brick are hung with inner balconies and balustraded terraces ascended by winding staircases. Great stone urns stud the inner balustrades. The upper rims of the balconies are lined with hanging gardens. Here and there a flat Babylonian tower rises above the walls. It is a strange structure



Photo Howe and Arthur

Anna Pavlova (top picture, © Matzene) and view of the beautiful Midway Gardens, Chicago, where five thousand persons nightly witnessed the famous dancer and the ballet Russe

## Pavlova Delights Chicago

IT was with an enthusiasm akin to ecstasy that Mlle. Anna Pavlova began her recent remarkable engagement of four weeks at the Midway Gardens in Chicago. It was to be her first appearance dancing in the open air and she met the new experience with a delight, an open-mindedness and an adaptability to her exotic surroundings which became an inspiration to her entire company and to thousands of young dancing artists and other admirers who flocked to pay tribute at her shrine. From three thousand to five thousand persons nightly witnessed the première danseuse absoluta and her company in perhaps the most brilliant series of ballets and divertissements ever played in any single engagements of like duration in America.

A Greek stage had been built projecting into the arena. The stage itself deep and wide was lighted by calciums from the wings. Regal velvet draperies were employed in the proscenium arch in lieu of a conventional curtain. There were no footlights. The canopy of the night sky stretched gloriously above. The amphi-theatre lay dim and mysterious lighted by tall spires twinkling with tiny lights like stalks of full-blown incandescent hollyhocks. Alive with humanity the amphi-theatre lay brooding, breathing applause in low vast waves of sound as if a concourse of the gods were sitting in witness.

and a wonderful one with a note of magnificence breathing the comfort, the ease, the luxurious spirit of the Far East.

Standing back of its splendor, brooding over its destiny the "deus ex machina" of this retreat is a grave, sad-eyed young man, a scion of the well-known Fairbank family. He is an aesthete. His own fine perceptions, his lofty ideals, his good taste are everywhere evident. He has created an inspiring temple to the highest dramatic and terpsichorean art.

At the close of this special engagement Mlle. Pavlova is to join forces with Max Rabinoff's grand opera company for which the entire chorus and orchestra of the former Boston Opera Company has been engaged. In the ballet portion of the organization Mlle. Pavlova will have the entire company with which she has been recently associated including Ivan Clustine, Volinine, Stephanie Plaskovietzka, Stasia Kuhn, and others. The combined grand opera forces and ballet company will make a total of over two hundred persons.

L. F. P.

© Matzene



1. BERTHA MANN.

*Playing the leading feminine rôle in Edgar Selwyn's comedy, "Rolling Stones," at the Harris Theatre, one of the first productions of the new season.*

(Photo White)

2. FRANCES DEMAREST.

*Who appeared as Everywoman in "The Passing Show of 1915," at the Winter Garden, and is now playing an important part in "The Blue Paradise" at the Casino.*

(Photo White)

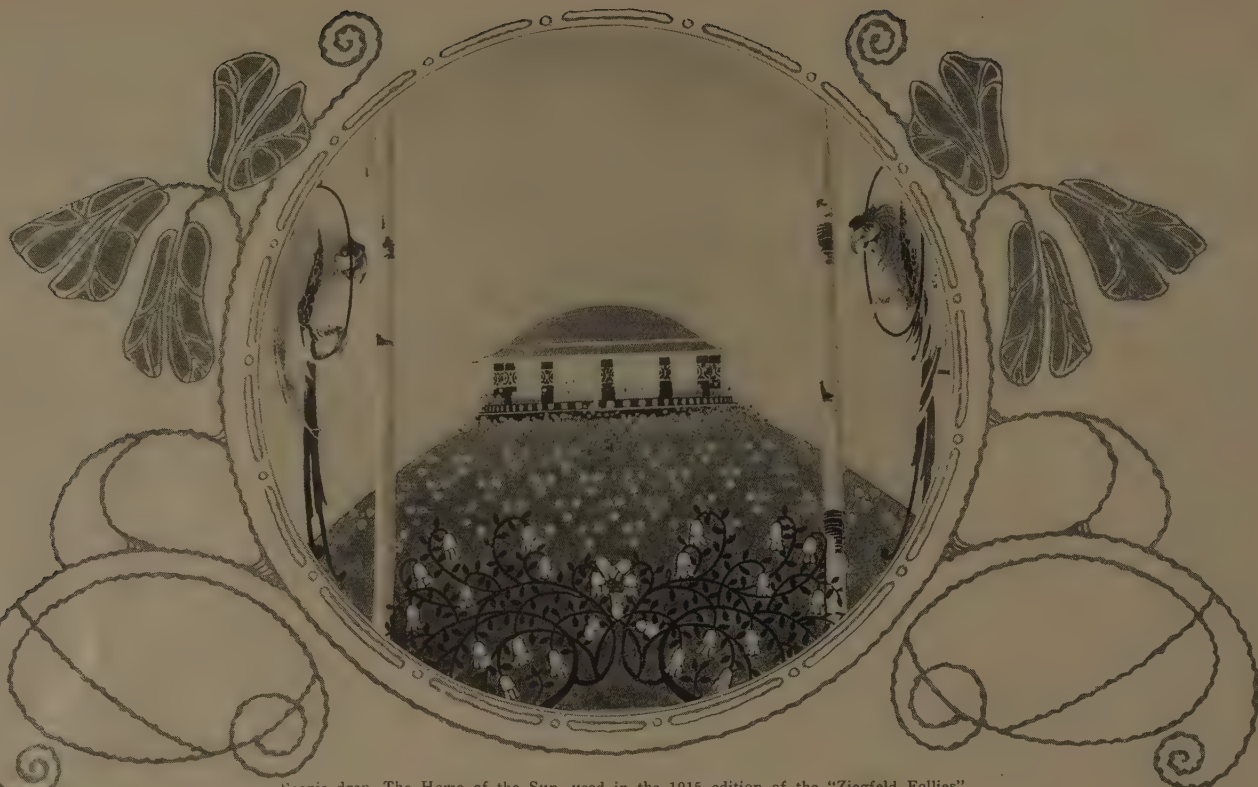
3. FANIA MARINOFF.

*Seen as Louka in Arnold Daly's recent revival of George Bernard Shaw's clever comedy, "Arms and the Man," and now appearing with Clifton Crawford in a film version of "The Galloper," presented by the Pathe Co.*

(Photo Bangs)







Scenic drop, The Home of the Sun, used in the 1915 edition of the "Ziegfeld Follies"

## The Art of Joseph Urban

*The designer of the exquisite stage settings in the "Ziegfeld Follies" talks interestingly of his life and work.*



Photo  
Rattenberg

MR. JOSEPH URBAN

I COULD tell by the way the woman who sat next to me at the New Amsterdam Theatre wore her clothes that she had never visited the Metropolitan Museum of art, and this Sherlock Holmes kind of remote deduction was apparently verified when, seeing a weird but beautiful scene by Joseph Urban on the stage, she exclaimed: "That's an awful nice kind of a drapery."

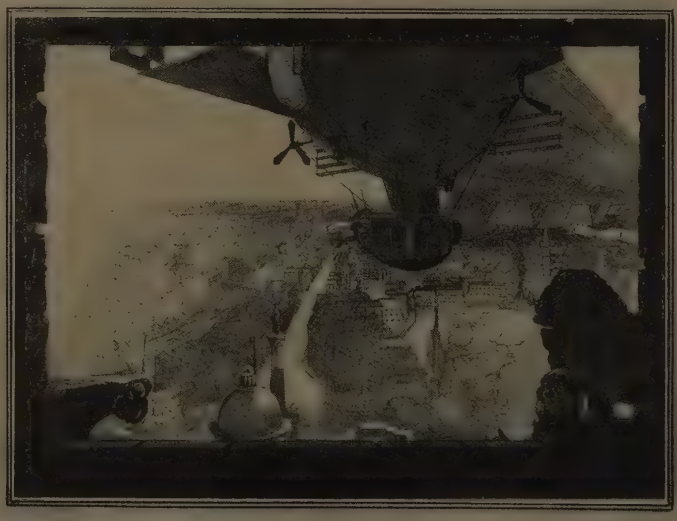
This woman's education in art was being advanced by the new colors and forms shown to her, and although it is a trifle difficult to connect mental improvement with the "Ziegfeld Follies," which frankly live up to their name, yet the stage settings now on nightly view at the New Amsterdam are compelling, as new impressions always are, and it should be interesting to observe how deeply their effect will go and how long it will last.

The artist himself, whose work here (and elsewhere) is not happily described as a "drapery," told me that he was particularly interested in the result of the scenes he had devised for this year's Follies, for he ap-

preciated that he would be making an appeal to an audience that was totally ignorant of him, and, indeed, of modern art.

"Modern, or *nouveau*, or any other inappropriate term applied in description of the work of Bakst, Stern and others who paint scenery for the theatre, including myself, if you please, merely means that certain painters, weary of complex combinations of form and color, have sought to return to simple lines and a palette of primary colors. Call it modern, if you must, it is in reality Middle Age and Orient mixed. It is Albrecht Durer, Memling, Watteau, Chardin and others who are dead long since in Europe, and Japanese and Chinese painters who have been long dead, also, or whom, alas, Western art is surely killing—it is in the Musée of Nuremberg, the old town of Rothenburg, it is the beautiful ancient cities of England, it is Cologne, it is Florence—how shall I stop when I once begin to trace the causes that have influenced modern art? I surely deprecate the mistaken idea that I have invented anything but I have combined. The beautiful things of the past, the beautiful things of to-day, the whole, lovely modern world I offer my mind to these influences, grateful if they help me to realize my soul as a painter. Must you have a formula for modern art? It is this, I think—grace and simplicity."

Painters, they say, are the most modest of all the artistic race. There



Stage settings designed by Joseph Urban for the "Ziegfeld Follies" at the New Amsterdam



have been many exceptions. Whistler, great painter, was extravagantly egotistical, but Joseph Urban in this respect is his opposite. To talk about the trend of art, to say amiable things about his contemporaries, are easy themes for him, but when the subject of talk becomes himself he finds his knowledge of English fail him and his words come haltingly. He is

forty-three years old. He began in Vienna as an architect, and this training has been vitally important in his theatrical career. He has not to be content to build his scene on paper (a sketch), but he builds the model, and, if needs were, he could build the scene itself.

"My early life combined in a delightful way business and art. As an architect I erected castles and villas in the environs of Vienna. Then as a decorator I furnished them and as an artist I placed every picture, every sculpture; it was to have every thread in one's own hands, and the result, if a failure, could be blamed to nobody but me.

"At one time I filled an order for the Hungarian Sugar Refinery to build a little city near the site of its principal factory on the Austrian frontier. I designed and built every house, I planted every tree, I laid out streets, walks and squares. I furnished every house, hung every picture and stationed every sculptural group. Perhaps you think I did not revel in this rare opportunity!

"In my vacation, after this truly gigantic labor, I illustrated a series of German school songs and made designs for a collection of fairy tales, arranging them as calendars, a fairy story for each month. Both publications were successful, and returning to Vienna I was engaged to make the decorations for the 'Faust,' first and second parts, given at the Vienna Royal Theatre in 1900 under Dr. Paul Schenthar, a famous dramatic critic and director. This launched me in the theatre, and thereafter I designed and painted in Vienna, Berlin and Munich.

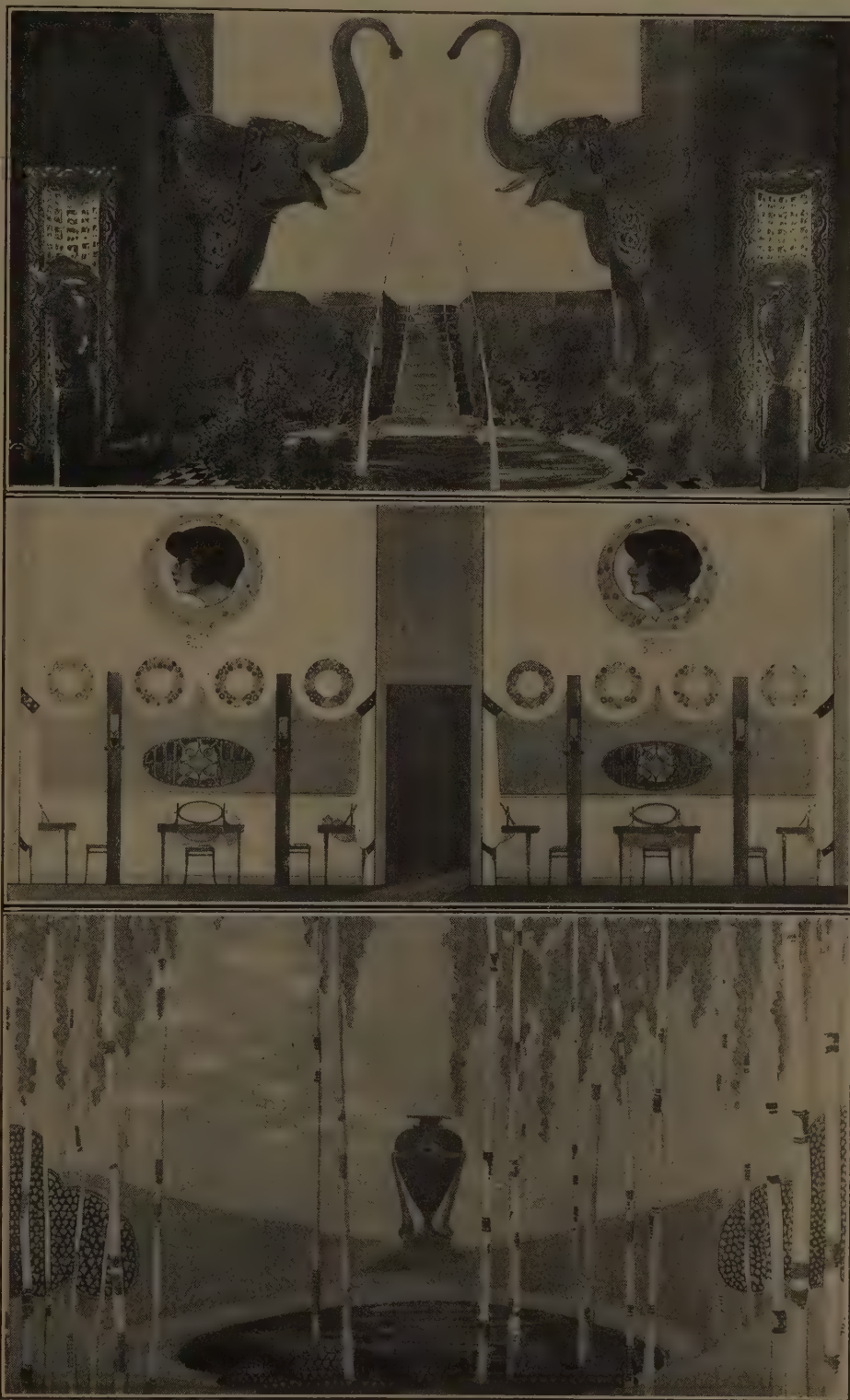
"Almost the first order I filled was to set the Wagner opera for Dr. Gustav Mahler, including the 'Meistersinger,' and the operas of Richard Strauss and of Weingartner. 'Aida,' which opened the Hamburg Opera House, followed; then came a Strauss-piele, with the fantastic coupling of the old, the sweet, the waltz king and the modern wizard of opera, Richard. This was in 1911, and the next year saw me far away, even as far as Boston, engaged for the Boston Opera. Here I set 'Pelleas and Melisande,' 'Haensel and Gretel,' 'Tristan,' and 'Meistersinger,' the latter

in no way repeating the settings I had given these works in Europe. In Paris at the Champs Elysées my work was done on 'Otello,' 'Monna Vanna' and 'Pagliacci'; in London, on 'Francesca da Rimini,' and this brings me down to the 'Garden of Allah,' etc., for the Liebler Company.

"Other American work of the greatest interest to me was the series of

fifty pictures covering the history of the shoe in connection with costume. This was done for the San Francisco Exposition.

"I have sought, useless to deny it, new combinations in art, but without losing sight of the wonderful history of art. I have studied principles; no one may succeed without such study, but I have never been willing to bury my experiments in a cemetery of the ideal. To have organized the secessionist painters of Vienna and to have been their president for three years should bear me out in the remark that I have just made. But a wonderful thing it has always seemed to me that I have received recognition first from foreign people who might hardly sympathize in my feeling for color and form, for please recollect that whatever I have done has been done in the attempt to translate myself, the what I see in the world in terms of color and form. The first magazine to give me a place was the English *Studio*. I think that arose from things I saw by chance in Southampton and wrought out by design. Do you know what a beautiful and antique city is Southampton? Americans and other nationalities pass through it and see nothing of its charm. This little city, with its bit of old wall, its Tudor mansions, its lovely gardens inspired me on my first visit to America; that is where I stopped en route. On that



Some of the striking stage settings designed by Joseph Urban for the "Ziegfeld Follies"

first visit to your country I came as a delegate to the St. Louis Exposition from Austria, and I designed and erected the Austrian building.

"I love old cities, old buildings; I love the Middle Ages as they are to be traced in these ruinous walls. Perhaps because I am an architect I have found inspiration in these quaint places. I have spent weeks and weeks to my profit in Nuremberg; I have worshipped at the shrines of Durer and Memling, and when steeped with their charm I have turned to the Orientals and quaffed inspiration from them. These and the life around me have given me the ideas which I have tried to carry out."

It was as possible to obtain an idea of the artist from his sincere, simple and yet enthusiastic words as from the

(Continued on page 140)





Copyright Underwood & Underwood  
Louise Dresser loves a tennis game



Georgia Caine's hobby is roughing it in the Canadian woods



Jessie Busley enjoys bucolic pursuits

## Hobbies of Players

*Actors and actresses, when away from the stage, enjoy favorite pastimes like other folk. Entertaining account of the predilections and interests of a number of prominent stage people.*

BLESSED be he, or she who has a hobby. That person knows how to play, and to play with zeal and discretion is to sweeten and prolong life.

The man or woman who retains the art of recreation remembers how to smile. He or she who is a worker, nothing more, has lost the art of relaxed lips and happy light in eyes. And a world without smiles is a world without sunshine.

A man's hobby, however furiously he seems to ride it, is his relaxation. It is his counter-irritant. Righting him up on the work side toward which he was too heavily leaning it gives him balance. Every life needs its toy.

The actor who says his whole life is in and of the theatre either confesses himself narrow and in danger of becoming the victim of an in-growing occupation, or he is posing, and your real actor never poses.

Think you that DeWolf Hopper could have played Jack Point in "The Yeoman of the Guard" so well, had he not behaved as a Comanche that afternoon on the grand stand from which he watched a baseball game? Or that May Irwin's comedy would be so compelling had she not her familiar acquaintance with a breadpan and basting spoon? I am persuaded not, for from their playing to their acting and singing they came with clear vision and fresh appetite. Because he dives and golfs and works in his garden, Fred Stone brings extra man-power to his fun-making. The laughter of audiences is the echo of a comedian's vigor, stored by the comedian's pursuit of his hobby.

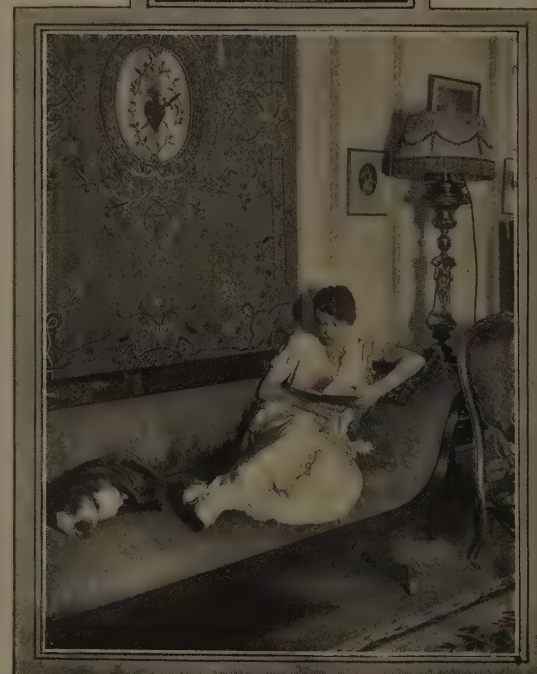
How do they play? Each player to his or her taste. A majority of players swing, pendulum-like, to the far extreme of a simple life in summer. They have farms, suburban homes, mountain camps or houseboats. Or there are objects that are dear to them, as Lillian Russell's collection of Chinese porcelains, which

she herself dusts and washes, and among which she sits with a survival of the delight with which she used to ensconce herself in her doll's house. Irene Fenwick

persists in making and embroidering her monogram as the sole decoration for all the fine, fluffy, intimate things that form heaps of sartorial snow in her wardrobe. Or they "make a business of it," as Robert Edeson with his public garage, and Billy Van with his inn-keeping at Sunapee and his excursions into politics, from which he emerges, now and then, Mayor of the New Hampshire town. Or it may be some fine purpose which he or she of the hobby proposes to and does translate into terms of actuality: as Emma Dunn's conviction that every small family should be supplemented by an adopted child, or several adopted children, as character pace-makers for the others. Or Zelda Sears' habit of teaching young actresses their art, in the belief that you must "return much to the profession that has given you much."

"I believe everyone should have a side line," said the wise mother of those clever and decorative young actresses, the Misses Nash. The scene was the Gamut Club. Florence had been induced to read some neat and charming verses of her own. While that winsome young woman is, first and last, an actress, her mother and friends have encouraged her habit of versification, to make new thought paths in her brain, which is, perhaps, the best of all reasons for a hobby. It takes us off the dusty highway of occupation into the dim, shaded paths, unfrequented paths of occasional pursuits.

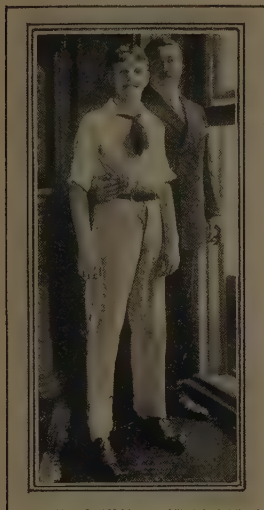
For example, Mabel Taliaferro forgets the inevitable friction of rehearsals of a new play by drawing plans for houses—her own and her friends. They may never be occupied. They may be merely the lovely, uninhabitable structures, Spanish castles,



Photos © Byron

Ruth Chatterton's favorite pastime is reading.  
(Top picture) Lillian Russell collects Chinese porcelains.





Byron  
Wilton Lackaye's hobby is his son

but they serve their purpose of new thought paths. Besides, did not a leading Chicago architect offer her a place and salary in his office on the strength of those plans with its novel horse-shoe staircase?

There is the joy of collecting, David Warfield hunched in the corner of an auction room where objects of art are being sold, is for the time the happiest man alive. He has in his apartment in upper Broadway priceless Oriental rugs, kings' snuff-boxes, queens' fans, the pipes of cardinals, portraits that have hung in palaces. Do you wish his eyes to beam with boyish joy? Ask him what he has last purchased for his collection.

Wilton Lackaye has two hobbies. He writes trenchant sentences about men and things, and he incubates stinging jests about English actors. But bringing up a boy that he will be worthy that fine but misused name, man, is his chief interest. To lead his one child, Wilton Lackaye, Jr., now fourteen, into right ways, his distinguished parent thinks he should walk beside him. Wherefore, you see the elder and younger of the same name together at matinées. At one of these, at the Princess Theatre, I heard the elder say, while Holbrook Blinn occupied the boards:

"Watch, Wilton, for you will get your eye full of acting."

Emma Dunn added to her little family of one daughter, Dorothy, another, Helen, acquired by adoption in Denver. That Helen will see that Dorothy is not spoiled, by making her think of Helen as well as herself, is Miss Dunn's hobby, so successfully ridden that she considers adopting a baby to prevent the "spoiling" of the pair. This explains why she plays mothers so well.

Miss Georgia Caine, noted for the



©Byron

Pauline Frederick takes delight in cooking



©Byron

Julia Dean leans to toy elephants

sophisticated character gowned in the last word of fashion, wears short skirts, a rough coat and a man's hat in her hunting summers in the Maine and Canadian woods. "As far as possible from Broadway" is her motto the year round, as it is of Maclyn Arbuckle on his take her thoughts far from the complications of life Rialtese, she raises chickens in Long Island. Her only professional rival for blue ribbon winners is her friend, May Irwin. Chickens possess an average interest for Miss Irwin, but well cooked; self-cooked meals are Miss Irwin's chief interest between plays. When Martin Beck telephoned her, with a sob in his throat, to fill the place on his bill at the Palace, where Emma Calvé had left an unsightly vacuum, Miss Irwin had to brush the flour from her arms and roll down her sleeves before going to the piano to try her voice, for Mr. Beck's telephoned troubles had interrupted the pursuit of making grape-fruit shortcake.

Rose Stahl is an incorrigible traveller, addicted to delving into odd, hidden corners of the world. Henrietta Crosman seeks deep, wooded or shore seclusion, becoming the "wild thing" she longs to be and at heart is.

Alice Brady frankly confesses that she loves clothes better than anything else beside the stage, a fact which her father emphasizes by adding: "That's the reason Alice is always at work. She must work forty weeks a year to buy all the clothes she wants."

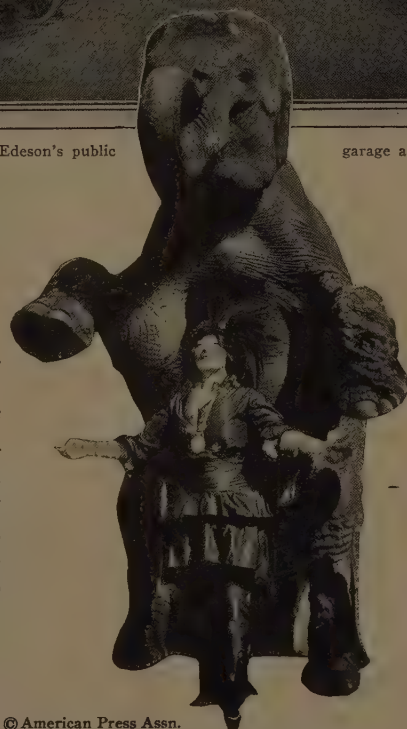
"Julia Dean has joy in things. She enjoys furnishing, refurnishing and furnishing once again her apartment a block from the Playhouse, where, with the Forty-eighth Street Theatre, she has played for three years. One object, or collection of them, always survives the house refurnishings. That is a mor-

(Continued on page 139)



Robert Edeson's public

garage at Sag Harbor



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Anna Held and Hattie, the elephant at the Zoo



# New Faces and Old Names

*Children of stars of to-day are destined to be stars themselves to-morrow. Ambitious bearers of such famous stage names as Skinner, Mantell, Sothern, Coghlan, Robson, and Miller, which the late season brought forward.*



STUART ROBSON, JR.

His blithesomeness about an unknown débutant staggering under the impressive weight of one of the most distinguished histrionic names of fifteen years or so ago set me thinking of the exceptional number of young, ambitious bearers of such names as Skinner, Mantell, Sothern, Coghlan, Kalich, Robson, Holland, the season had brought forward. Of course, we always have the younger generation with us. A few years ago, it was comprised most prominently of Henry Miller's sons and daughter, Gilbert, Henry, Jr., and Agnes, of Rosalind and Gertrude Coghlan, Alice Brady, Doris Rankin, Henry Schumann-Heink, John Herne, S. Rankin Drew, William Harrigan and "Anna Held's Daughter," as Liane Carrera prefers to be known. Just before that, twelve to fifteen years ago, the monopoly on "interesting youth" seemed to belong to grandchildren of the famous Mrs. John Drew—Ethel, John and Lionel Barrymore, Georgie Drew Mendum and Louise Drew. Looking back to nearer twenty years ago, the most prominent stage-names taken up and carried on by the younger generation were Boucicault (Dion, Nina and the late Aubrey), Herne (Chrystal and Julie), Rankin (Gladys, later known as Mrs. Sydney Drew, and Phyllis), Jefferson (Joseph, Jr., Thomas and William Winter), Booth (Sydney and Junius Brutus Booth and Creston and Wilfred Clarke, all then youthful nephews of Edwin Booth, whose only child, a daughter, never appeared on the stage), and the junior Edward Harrigan and junior James O'Neill.

But what makes any group the "younger generation" is a mere matter of where you sit yourself. Playgoers not so very old—at least, who do not consider themselves old—still more or less regard E. H., Eva, Sam and the late Lytton Sothern, Edgar, Harry, May and the late Fanny Davenport and even John and Sydney Drew and their sister, the late Georgie Drew Barrymore, as promising young bearers of old names. And in the really long ago, when American theatres were few and the domination of them was held firmly as the inborn rights of equally few families—the Wallacks, Albaughs, Booths, Jeffersons, Drews, Davenports and other dynasties of equal prominence in their day, but now died out and forgotten—the resemblance to an hereditary nobility was even stronger. But in this hurrying, bustling year of 1915, the youngest of the Coghlanes, Skinners, Sotherns, Robsons and Mantells find little reverence for their distinguished names. They must make their way themselves. Nowadays an inherited name is of small help with managers and of still less with the public. The fact that Ethel Barrymore, Mrs. Fiske, Maude Adams, Billie Burke, Florence Reed, Viola Allen, Chrystal Herne and Eleanor Robson were daughters of stage parents undoubtedly made it easier for them to gain a hearing at the start, but has it got them any further in the long run than Margaret Anglin, Margaret Illington, Julia Marlowe, Frances

COMING from a première at the quaint, new little Punch & Judy Theatre a few months ago, I happened to fall in with Gilbert Miller, Henry Miller's older son, and in answer to his question as to my opinion of the new play and its performance, I said I thought the comedy diverting and the acting by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hopkins' company, for which they built the house, exceptionally good. "Let me see the program," said Miller; and then, having glanced at it, he added with excessive gravity: "I seem to have heard that name—Charles Coghlan."

Starr, Helen Ware, Jane Cowl and Laurette Taylor, who had no connection with the theatre until each created one by talent and hard work.

Charles Coghlan, whose name Gilbert Miller "seemed to have heard," is not a son of the famous late Charles Coghlan, but of that actor's sister Eily Coghlan, also dead. He was adopted in his early youth by his aunt, Rose Coghlan (Mrs. John T. Sullivan). His part in "The Clever Ones," which introduced him to New York, gave him no more than the opportunity to show he had a promising stage presence with

apparently very much the greater part of his life ahead in which to make the most of it. His appearance as an incidental footman actually called on him to speak but one line, yet, in the flurry of a New York première, he even rather stumbled over that. However, when I looked him up and asked if this was his "first appearance on any stage," he indicated the genial Irish humor one would look for in his family by answering: "Not exactly—but perhaps you'd do me credit if you'd say it was!"

To playgoers with memories, the names of Stuart Robson and George Clarke can be no less surprising to see on programs to-day than that of Charles Coghlan, for they seemed to have disappeared forever from playbills twelve years and a half-dozen years ago, respectively. Young Robson and young Clarke were little boys when their fathers died, the latter, indeed, son of the most reliable "all-round" actor in Augustin Daly's company almost from its first year to its very last, being still a youth and having retired temporarily to complete his growth and education. In his brief career as a child-actor he showed considerable promise, notably as the aristocratic little boy who makes a friend of the urchin in "The Likes o' Me," and as the half-grown youth in Augustus Thomas' "The Model," who is so embarrassed by the sophisticated comments on art of the French girl of his own age.

The namesake of William H. Crane's professional partner during the first decade of his career of leadership—most notably in "The Henrietta," but in other modern pieces and in ambitious revivals of such English classics as "She Stoops to Conquer" (Robson as Tony Lumpkin, Crane as Squire Harcastle), "The Merry Wives of Windsor" (Crane as Sir John Falstaff, Robson as Justice Shallow), "The Comedy of Errors," with the two Dromios giving equal opportunities to the co-stars, and, strangest move of all, "Twelfth Night," with neither star as Malvolio but a "supporting" actor in that part and Crane and Robson as Sir Toby and Sir Andrew—is twenty-one and made his first appearance in New York last Christmas Eve. That was in "The Lie," with Margaret Illington, when he filled a small part adequately, after having had some "road" experience with Elsie Ferguson and Rose Stahl. It is probable that next season he will have a somewhat better opportunity in "The Henrietta" with William H. Crane, though hardly yet in a part so prominent as his father's famous character of Bertie the Lamb. When the widowed Mrs. Bronson Howard, sister of Sir Charles Wyndham and aunt of Bruce McRae, died a year ago, she willed her husband's manuscript of "The Henrietta" to the widowed Mrs. Stuart Robson, long a friend of hers and of Mr. Crane, who, in fact, many years ago, was the Cupid who brought her and his partner together. Crane has always felt a lively interest in the Stuart Robson of to-day, yet the



GILBERT MILLER



Strauss Peyton ETHEL MANTELL

Gilbert & Bacon  
HENRY MILLER, JR.©Vitagrap Co.  
S. RANKIN DREW





CHARLES COGHAN

Stuart Robson's chum. This is young Jack Burgess, also twenty-one, son of that Neil Burgess who made a fortune as Abigail Prue, the New England spinster, in "The County Fair." Funny as Mr. Burgess was, the extraordinary "drawing powers" of the play were at least as much due to its introduction of running horses on a treadmill to simulate a race, a device better known to most of us through its later use in "Ben Hur." The comic play, with its patented illusion, gained Neil Burgess one of the largest fortunes ever accumulated by an actor. But he was not satisfied. He leased the old Star Theatre, at Thirteenth Street and Broadway, and had it entirely rebuilt and decorated at a large expense. As much more money went into a spectacular early-Christian drama called "The Year One," written for the dedication of the practically new playhouse. The play was in part heroic melodrama, treating the martyrdom of early Christians seriously and ending with a chariot race that undoubtedly was suggested by the description in "Ben Hur," any stage use of which novel General Wallace resolutely refused for many years. For the rest, "The Year One" was grotesque comedy, Mr. Burgess appearing as Gabbylaria, a vestal virgin who so resembled Caesar that when he had gone on a drunk and could not attend some festival or other, she was buckled into his armor and sent to represent him.

The failure of "The Year One" at its première was one of the most sensational and dramatic moments in histrionic history. The production was almost incomparably lavish, the play was reasonably good, Burgess was extremely funny, and all had gone well till the race. That seemed a sure triumph. For thousands of times the race-horses in "The County Fair" had run the treadmill to electrical effect. But in that case, they ran rather far back on the stage, from left to right of the proscenium. As a novelty Mr. Burgess had the treadmill turned, so that the four horses attached to each chariot would be running directly toward the audience. What could be more thrilling? But when the curtain was lifted at that première and the glare of the footlights shot full into the eyes of the plunging horses, the steeds stood still. They would not move. And a fortune was lost in a moment.

However, in after years Mr. Burgess won a good portion of it back, by revivals of "The County Fair," by renting the invention for use in other plays, and most of all by its successful use in "Ben Hur," from which he drew a heavy royalty. So his judgment in discerning a great stage effect in Ben Hur's race was ultimately profitable to him. It enabled him to leave young Jack Burgess independently wealthy, with probably the finest estate at Highlands, N. J. So, as the boy appears to have no ambition to go on the stage, there is no reason why he should.

Madame Schumann-Heink's son Henry, the late James A. Herne's son John, Mrs. Patrick Campbell's son Alan and Henry Miller's older son Gilbert are among young bearers of noted histrionic names who have retired from the stage after very young and brief experiences on it. The first three have gone into commercial enterprises—John Herne, after making his début in his father's famous play, "Shore Acres," and finishing in "At Bay"; Henry

boy has an ambition quite as near his heart as acting in Crane's company. When he was four years old, he was led on the stage of the Brooklyn Academy of Music at a Lambs' Gambol as the "youngest of the fold." His father and Nat Goodwin were the end-men and De Wolf Hopper was the interlocutor; and young Stuart Robson cannot rest until he becomes a member of the Lambs, Mr. Crane having promised to propose his

marriage.

Another son of a comedian of other days, it happens, is



Matzene

AGNES HERON MILLER



ROBERT B. MANTELL, JR.

Schumann-Heink, after going on in the chorus of a George M. Cohan show (shades of Wagner!) and ending with a "bit" with Blanche Bates in "Nobody's Widow"; and Alan Urquhart Campbell after, so far as I know, a single season in his mother's company, during which he filled a minor rôle, at the Garden Theatre in New York, in the "Electra" of Sophocles, Mrs. Pat and Lady Tree and Stella Patrick Campbell (also retired from the stage) being Electra, Clytemnestra and Chrysothemis. Shortly after that, young Mr. Campbell married a Chicago girl and settled in this country, but has not lost all interest in the theatre, having written at least one play, "The Dust of Egypt," which has been played successfully in London.

Following a brief stage career, Gilbert Miller has for several years devoted himself to the business-management of his father's enterprises and to some ventures "on his own." His last engagement was in "Brown of Harvard." Though his second son, who went on the stage under his own name of J. Heron Miller but soon changed that to Henry Miller, Jr., has shown marked ability (plus a quite extraordinary resemblance to

his father), Henry Miller has never had any of his three children in a company in which he himself appeared. His daughter, Agnes Heron Miller, most recently seen as the disdainful Ethel Chichester in "Peg o' My Heart" (the part played with Laurette Taylor by Violet Kemble Cooper, daughter of another well-known father, Frank Kemble Cooper, and a direct descendant of the famous Kembles of the eighteenth century) has acted under her father's direction, however, as leading woman with Chauncey Olcott. She made her début in New York in 1911, in a small part in the "Oedipus Rex" of Sophocles, with John E. Kellard, who presently gave her a good chance, as Ophelia to his Hamlet. On her mother's side as well as on her father's Miss Miller comes of high histrionic stock. Mrs. Miller was Bijou Heron, a child actress in the heyday of Clara Morris and "Miss Multon" ("East Lynne") and a promising adult actress, when her health gave way. Then she married and soon found herself with three children to bring up. Her own mother, Matilda Heron, was one of the foremost actresses of the country half a century ago, most conspicuously because she was the first American to play Camille. E. H. Sothern's father, from whom he got his name of Edward, was the Armand Duval.

But let us hasten from the clutches of the past! So rapidly does time fly in the theatre that the débutant of yesterday is the veteran of to-day. Presently we may have Gibbs Mansfield and Cornelia Skinner contending for the leadership of our stage, so let us hasten to glance over the achievements of the last six months of Henry Sothern, Ethel Mantell, Harold Skinner and Robert Mantell, Jr. Of these young Sothern has been longest on the stage, though it is only recently he has assumed the family name for histrionic purposes. He is a nephew of E. H. Sothern, in whose Shakespearean company he began; but throughout his time with that organization he was billed as Harry Turnley, the latter surname being also in the family, though not notable in stage annals. During the season just concluded, Henry Sothern was in Otis Skinner's company in "The Silent Voice," filling a rather small part quite as well as it deserved; and at least once (August, 1913,) since he took up the family name of Sothern, I have seen him give an admirable Shakespearean performance, in the part of Launcelot Gobbo in "The Merchant of Venice."

While it remained for Otis Skinner to give E. H. Sothern's nephew a better chance than he had had before, his own nephew, Harold Skinner, has made his start with Robert B. Mantell. Last February, during the first New York season, the tragedian has played in several



HENRY SOTHERN



years, the young son of Charles Skinner, who wrote a few plays for his brother, Otis, a decade or so ago, made his début in the metropolis. Perhaps it is of more interest that Ethel Mantell, R. B.'s daughter by his second wife, Charlotte Behrens, was in the company and came before a New York audience for the first time. She had had about a season's experience on tour. Among the parts assigned to Skinner and Miss Mantell, all small, mention might be made of the Archduke of Austria and Blanche of Spain in "King John" and Seyton and Fleance in "Macbeth." In the same company, playing most of the leading female rôles—notably Juliet, Desdemona and Ophelia—was Miss Mantell's third stepmother, known as Genevieve Hamper.

Also during the season just over, Alice Brady acted for the first time

occasional appearances as those of Ethel and John Barrymore, are young Sydney's father and stepmother, Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Drew, the latter known professionally as Jane Morrow; his aunt and uncle, Phyllis Rankin and Harry Davenport; and Edgar Davenport, John Rankin, Lionel Barrymore and Arthur Rankin. His mother, eldest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin, was a scenario-writer for the Vitagraph until her death in 1913. Edna Holland, the late E. M.'s very charming daughter, also with the Vitagraph, went on the stage four years ago as an "extra girl" in the New Theatre version of "Vanity Fair." Marie Tempest, the Becky Sharp of that piece, now has her son on tour with her as her stage-manager and his wife is in the company, though no names appear on the program to indicate that the fascinating Miss



GERALDINE FARRAR REHEARSING A SCENE FOR THE SCREEN VERSION OF "CARMEN," WHICH WILL BE PRODUCED BY THE JESSE L. LASKY COMPANY. MELVILLE ELLIS IS AT THE PIANO.

on the same stage with her stepmother, Grace George. And even in this instance it was for only one performance and in separate one-act plays, presented at the same charitable matinée. The beautiful and uncommonly accomplished daughter of William A. Brady made her début just about four years ago; but so numerous, as modern opportunities go, and so varied have been her successes since, in almost every sort of play from "emotional drama" to light opera, that her service on the stage seems longer. She made her début in the chorus of "The Mikado," quickly advancing to leading rôles, and the name she used at first was Marie Rose, derived from her histrionic mother's Marie Rose René. Of course, the instances are too numerous to mention of young actresses retaining a mother's instead of a father's surname for stage purposes, where the one is widely known theatrically and the other not. There are no more conspicuous cases than those of Maude Adams, daughter of Annie Adams (Kiskadden), and Dorothy Russell, daughter of Lillian Russell (Solomon); and for the first quarter of a century of her stage career, Mrs. Fiske was known as Minnie Maddern, though her maiden name was Maria Augusta Davey. But her mother, Lizzie Maddern, was a famous actress in the long ago.

Robert Mantell, Jr., son of Marie Sheldon, Robert B. Mantell's first wife, S. Rankin Drew and Edna Holland are among young buds on mighty branches who have thrown their lots immediately with the "movies." Drew finds himself in a family party, for among the Drew-Rankin-Barrymore-Davenport connections in photoland, aside from such

Tempest is old enough for such possibilities. It was, by the way, in an earlier revival of a "Vanity Fair" play, with Mrs. Fiske in 1904, that another descendant of stage aristocracy, Mrs. Fiske's cousin, Emily Stevens, made her début. Edna Holland's brother Joseph, namesake of his uncle, now retired, who in turn was named for late great Joseph Jefferson, is still a lad and is not ambitious to follow in the Holland family footsteps as an actor, but is a student of the violin.

It would be rash to guess what children of stars of to-day are destined to be stars themselves to-morrow. Many eyes are turned toward Otis Skinner's daughter and Richard Mansfield's son. Though in their early 'teens, both have shown themselves rather remarkable children—original, independent and imaginative. An analogy of one to the other lies in the fact that in each case the mother left the stage to devote herself solely to the education of her child. Mrs. Skinner used to be known as Maud Durbin when she was her husband's leading actress and Mrs. Mansfield was billed as Beatrice Cameron when she occupied the same position in the Mansfield company. Cornelia Skinner, being now in boarding school, her mother felt free to reappear professionally for the season of 1914-1915, after a retirement of just ten years, playing charmingly in "The Silent Voice"; and only a month or so ago, Mrs. Mansfield acted in Washington, though with an otherwise amateur company and for a single charitable performance.

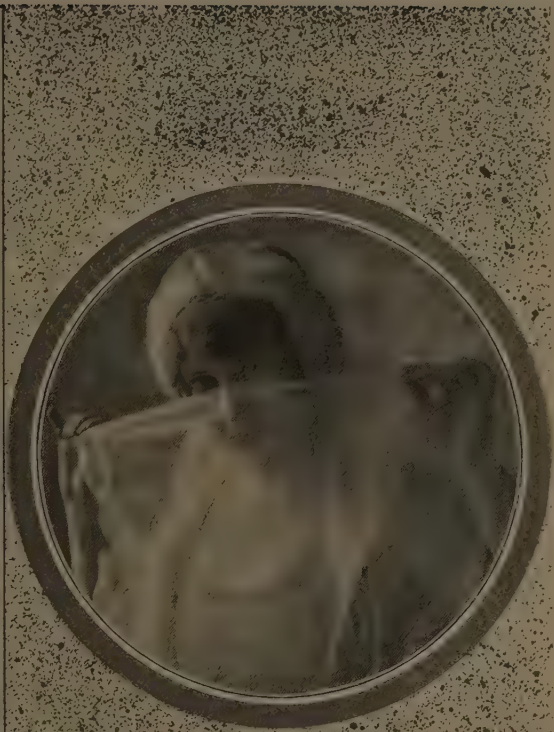
In the cases of Miss Cameron and Maud Durbin, the up-bringing of a single child each seemed enough reason

(Continued on page 139)





Photo McClure  
JULIETTE DAY  
Seen recently in "Chin-Chin"



Edmonston  
REINE DAVIES  
Appearing in Keith vaudeville



© Floyd  
NAOMI CHILDERS  
Of the Vitagraph Company



Ira L. Hill's Studio  
FRANCES PRITCHARD  
In "The Passing Show of 1915" at the Winter Garden





Marceau

LOU-TELLEGEN AS THE DUKE OF BEDFORD IN "JEANNE D'ARC"

## Lou-Tellegen Talks of the Stage and Bernhardt

**L**OU-TELLEGEN, who intends next season to increase our small number of actor-managers by producing a play, is, fortunately, housed in a room with exceedingly high walls, else he would dwarf the room. He is one of the tallest men on or off the stage and of exceeding spareness. He has long, fairly regular features, a smooth, boyish complexion. His eyes are shrewd. What sets him apart from other very tall and only fairly good-looking young men is his smile. That is subtle, yet radiant; sophisticated, yet exuberantly boyish and altogether attractive.

For four years he was Sarah Bernhardt's leading man. She regards him as an artist of great gifts and power. It was natural that we should talk of Mme. Bernhardt and her next visit to America.

"I met Mme. Bernhardt when I had been graduated two years before from the Comédie Française," he said, "and had played in Brazil and other countries of South America. She had had a leading man who no longer suited. Her son, Maurice, sent for me from London. Mme. Bernhardt engaged me. I first appeared with her in Chicago in 'Theodora.' I played the Emperor Justinian. See, here is the picture of one of our scenes.

"Mme. Bernhardt is the greatest actress in the world, living or dead. Not only that, she is the greatest woman. She would

have been great in any other art or profession. She would have made a great judge. She might easily have become what you call here Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, for she has a mind that sifts facts and arrives at the truth. She is not merely just, she is terribly just; she is so just that she seems to a lesser mind severe."

"Do you prophesy success for her next tour?"

"I am certain of it."

"You think that despite her handicap?"

The young Greek, Paris schooled, smiled his conquering smile.

"Mme. Bernhardt knows no handicap," he said with supreme conviction. "The moment she steps upon the stage—no, the moment she steps off the boat—she will make you forget the so-called handicap."

"By her hypnotic power?"

"No. She is more practical. She will have the best wooden leg that can be obtained in the world. She will contrive to get one that will not cause her walk to be awkward. Besides, knowing that everyone's thoughts will be upon that wooden leg, she will act as never before. She will act so well that you will forget all about wooden legs. You will see, and when you have seen you will say to me, 'Lou-Tellegen, you are right.'"

"Is Mme. Bernhardt a great teacher?"



"She is a great stimulator. She made you ashamed and afraid not to do your best. She used to say, 'Think. Think always.' She said, 'Watch a great actor hold his audience while he is doing nothing. It is thinking that makes him able to do that.' It is her belief that you must think your way through every part, throughout every performance.

"Thinking is the keynote of her life. That is the reason she remains so young. She thinks for herself and for others. She has in her company in Paris sixty-two persons, and she thinks for their welfare. She knows just how each one lives, what each one's personal problems are. She helps them to solve them. She visits them in their homes. She has said to me of this or that member of the company, 'Go to see him. See how he is living.' In her company the last time she toured America was a man who had been in her company for thirty years. Not only does she think for them, but she feels most tenderly toward them. She looks upon them as one large family, and that family hers.

"It is the greatest privilege a young artist could have to be a member of her company. It was invaluable to me. Yet she was ambitious for me. Her ambition took a form which she expressed in this way, 'I shall not be happy until you can stand on your own feet. I shall want to know that when away from me, you playing here and I playing there, that you will succeed. It has pleased her that I have gotten on. It will please her still more when I shall do things as a manager. I have three times managed myself. I made my debut as a manager when I was twenty-two. Two of the attempts were successful. One was not. This autumn, when Madame Sarah returns, I shall be producing a play which I think is great. I do not know what the public will think. That is forever the problem.

"Mme. Bernhardt taught me many lessons, but the most important was the fine art of directing one's own forces, even one's moods. I have seen her entertaining a roomful of friends. Enter some one who exasperated her. She would drown him in the

torrent of her wrath. The next minute, the crushed one disposed of, she would return to her mood of serenity. Throughout what had seemed a typhoon of rage she had maintained a calm centre. That is superb. It is art. But also it is what is better, nature controlled.

"She could be very severe. When, Maurice Bernhardt having sent for me, and I having gone to London to meet Madame, and secured my engagement with her, I was presented with twelve leading parts to learn in fifteen days, I was struck with panic. I went to Madame. 'I cannot. How absurd to expect me to do this,' I exclaimed. She listened patiently, but when I had finished she turned upon me an overwhelming look. She spoke but one word, but that she entered with world force. It was, 'Study.'

"Generosity is a synonym for Bernhardt. When I had been with her a few months, perhaps in memory of those twelve parts I had learned in fifteen days, she doubled my salary. I went to her. I said: 'Madame, I cannot take this. I am not worth it.'

"She replied: 'You will take it. You will also remember that my theatre, the Sarah Bernhardt in Paris, is always your home.'

"Do you recall the Sunday on which she took her company around Niagara Falls?" I asked.

"I was there." His face was irradiated.

"And that she gave each of her company an Indian doll as a souvenir?"

"Yes. I have still that doll."

"I was there, too. And I recall that the tallest member of the company kissed the doll."

We looked at each other in recognition. "You remember how childlike was her pleasure in the trip!"

"And how she laughed when she speculated on how frightened you would be if the bridge railing on which you leaned above the falls should break?"

"Perfectly. That was like her. She laughs. Nearly always she laughs."

"She told me then of how she

(Continued on page 140)



LOU-TELLEGEN AS THE EMPEROR JUSTINIAN AND SARAH BERNHARDT AS THEODORA IN "THEODORA"



## EDWARD KNOBLAUCH: DRAMATIST OF DREAMS

A playwright needs seven dogged years in which to learn his trade. The painter, the sculptor, spends at least that long in mastering technique.

The war will lead us back to more elemental genuine feelings which should certainly react on all the arts, and first and foremost on that of the theatre.



EDWARD KNOBLAUCH, AUTHOR OF "MARIE-ODILE," "KISMET," ETC., IN THE LIBRARY OF HIS LONDON HOME

THE door opened into a long, high room filled with firelight and a feeling for old things. A man with indifferent gray eyes came forward; in a moment there was tea and Edward Knoblauch was relating the adventure of the London day. He was just from the law courts... the English stage beauty had won her libel suit... the Lord Chief Justice was splendid! Had we seen the barristers drilling?...

Knoblauch's London setting is characteristic of the man who wrote a matchless play of the East and made a *matinée-god* out of a mythological one in the same season... and whose exotic vision continues to keep people's eyes on him. One finds the playwright in Town's historic bachelor chambers... the monumental corridor where Byron lived, and Macaulay, Monk Lewis of the melodramas, the witty Canning, Bulwer Lytton. Knoblauch has taken his rooms back to the eighteenth century, and while the talk drifted drama-wards it halted now and then over the bits of past about us... the English Empire pieces once belonging to red-haired Mrs. Jordan, *bonne amie* of William IV; the fading garlands of an Aubusson carpet; old Irish glass, old marbles, old masters. Knoblauch, silent about his stage successes, draws a fluent bow over his *violon d'Ingres*. To pursue beautiful things and group them sympathetically is a hobby that exercises one's flair... and think of the fun! If he failed as a dramatist he would be a decorator.

Kismet! Knoblauch's career shows that Destiny had him by the shoulders from the first. At twelve he was writing plays. He continued to write plays until the end of his university years. Then he decided that Europe was the place for him to learn

whether or not he was to go on writing them. He was twenty-two when he came to London. One looked at the fire and thought of Lucien de Rubempré arriving in Paris at twenty-two to seek his fortune. But unlike Lucien, the young American discarded all social props. "He wanted to see what he could do on his own." He tore up his letters of introduction, ordered several reams of blue copy paper and set to work. He knew just one person, in London. Since then, his plays, performed all

over the world, have made him known to thousands

Knoblauch believes in bonfire and destruction in the making of a dramatist. He burned a good many MSS while learning his cuisine and he acquired, also, that priceless endowment of any artist, the courage to cut. Knoblauch has no respect for the resonant phrase, the good "line," of itself... for any verbal cleverness that checks the pace of the play. He insists upon *la jambe qui marche*, as the painters say. No one watching "My Lady's Dress" or "Kismet" or any dramatization in which his hand appears can miss his dexterity in keeping a play firmly on its legs and striding ahead towards an intriguing something... a something that invariably arrives, like the British troops, on the psychological dot. Plays please different audiences unaccountably... "The Faun" is more popular in America than in London... but whatever Knoblauch's fancy the thing's a *play*; one is apt to drop stitches. A dramatist of dreams but a most alert craftsman.

Knoblauch gives a playwright seven dogged years in which to learn his trade. The painter, the sculptor, spends at least that long in mastering technique. How can one hope to construct a



THEATRE MAGAZINE AUTOGRAPH GALLERY



Photo White

Truly  
Frances Starr





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KATHERINE KÆLRED

Seen on tour in "Joseph and His Brethren" and now appearing in moving pictures

three-hour or a thirty-minute spectacle in which the characters shall have reality and the scenes atmosphere, without devoting a decent academic interval to modeling and mixing colors? Under a sudden *élan* an unschooled hand may produce a play that goes. But he will not go on producing plays that go, filling orders as a playwright, unless he has craft to draw on. The *élan* won't be there the second time, and real victory is as far off as ever. In fact, he believes that seven years of work will only give a man the mastery of his technique, it takes another seven to arrive at complete self-expression in words. "It is exactly what happened to Jacob," said the dramatist, "with Leah. After seven years of waiting, Jacob only achieved a *faux succès*. He had to serve another seven years to win Rachel."

Concerning college-made playwrights, this self-made one is cordial, but cautious. Out of Harvard before Professor Baker began training dramatists there, Knoblauch values the general good accomplished by such an exposition of dramatic principles . . . the quicker response to merit on the part of theatregoers . . . the increased freedom of thought. But one does not become a playwright, alas! by being shown how Sardou worked, by tracing Tosca, so to say, any more than one becomes a draughtsman by listening to lectures on Leonardo's line or by tracing *La Joconde* over Canaletto's black-and-white. The thing that has been pointed out to one a hundred times in the classroom must be rediscovered in the desperate solitude of one's own attic.

Knoblauch's first play, "The Partikler Pet," from the French, produced by Cyril Maude, pushed him straightway into professional line; his sound training has helped to bring him rapidly to the head of it, among the modern men. The dramatist confesses to no partikler pet among his fantasies. "Each one was hard work," he says unemotionally; "and there's always the next." As one in the secret of the profitable plays, Knoblauch receives quite his share of manuscripts from possibly potential playwrights, with the modest request that he "glance over them." A consignment arriving by twilight post set one pondering how a popular playwright ever found time to write his own plays. Here was a mass of mystery ranging from a ton of French with an enormous cast. . . a jolly week-end "glance!" . . . to a society comedy by a charming woman who "wrote it one afternoon when it was too cold to go out," and now *would* Mr. Knoblauch mind telling her what it needed to get it accepted by Sir George Alexander? . . . or somebody?

An odd coincidence is attached to Knoblauch's latest play, "Marie-Odile." The dramatist had thought of "Marie-Odile" for years. The theme turns on the Franco-Prussian War. Some German soldiers invade a French nunnery. Last spring the play took sudden shape and in late June went to America in Belasco's baggage. Further than this chance grazing of the Great Topical, Knoblauch has not felt moved to utilize the war material. "But one cannot tell what will come of it." Meantime



PROMINENT PLAYERS  
IN THEIR HOMES

No. 17.

MISS RUTH CHATTERTON



(Photos taken specially for  
the THEATRE MAGAZINE by  
Byron.)





the dramatist is answering an immediate clamor from the "Halls." The clamor is for the "sketch." To the English actor the value of the strong, slight play, of course, is above rubies. It carries him lucratively all over London and into the provinces. He who can furnish it—and his name is *not* Legion—he grapples to him with bonds rather stronger than those of brass which Horace advises.

Something, a glimpse of old French plays and biography, recalled the dramatist's other roof-tree with the glass walls painted

by Nicholson and the long windows opening out on the Palais Royal. The little flat in Paris is likely to remain in its holland slips for a long time. "Paris has grown dreary artistically in the last few years. There is little worth studying on the French stage, in sculpture nothing (except the early Rodins), and in painting the same. In fact, the French, just before the war, were evidently nodding on the laurels of their art. They are gathering laurels in other fields now." GRACE WILLARD.

## BILLIE BURKE, the popular star, is the daughter of a clown

# Billie Burke's Clever Father

who was equally as popular in his day. The actress, as is well known, at the beginning of her stage career discarded her baptismal name of Ethel and decided to perpetuate her father's memory by adopting his euphonious *nom de cirque*.

Billy Burke was the favorite jester of the sawdust arena in the 80's. Circus day was a red letter day to the youngsters when Billy Burke happened to be the clown. What a thrill of delight and excitement the children of the day experienced when Billy bounded into the ring, in all the glory of the motley, and proceeded to unload his cargo of witticisms and drolleries! Circus day in the 80's was a tame event to the children who anticipated his appearance and found him missing on the occasion.

"Now, Mr. Burke, what have you got to say for yourself today?" the ringmaster would ask with an assumed air of indifference, as he swept the magic circle with his whip. Whereupon Billy would pour forth a volley of mystifying conundrums, the solution of each bringing ridicule upon Mr. Ringmaster.

I have forgotten the name of the dignitary who served as the best foil to Billy in these contests of wit. Was it the *débonnaire* Mr. Den W. Stone, or the polished Mr. William Castle, or the affable and portly Mr. Sid J. Euson? It really does not matter much as Billy Burke alone was the magnet of attraction.

His assumed air of deference to the ringmaster and his slyness in "taking a rise" out of him, his injured innocence when caught with the penny whistle concealed in his capacious pockets, his gusto in singing the regulation "clown song," which constitutes one of the features of the performance, his condescension in holding up the paper hoops and banners while assisting at the graceful equestrian acts of Mme. Dockerill and Miss Daisy Belmont, his undisguised admiration for those charming ladies expressed in eloquent pantomime—all this had to be seen to be appreciated.

I never had the privilege of meeting Billy Burke *in propria persona* and without his make-up. But I have heard that he was the same genial, jolly fellow that he appeared to be in the ring.

Unlike Sir James Matthew Barrie's clown—the clown in "Pantaloons," who is a venomous, malignant little "Joey" in spite of his comicality, Billy Burke was the incarnation of good fellowship and good humor, with or without his grease-paint.

I have heard old-time circus men, sententious of speech but sapient in their observations, take the measure of Billy Burke's greatness. According to these connoisseurs he was not as nimble of wit and quick at repartee as Johnny Patterson, "the Rambler from Clare"; he did not have as plastic a "mug" as Whimsical Walker; he was not as fine a leaper as James Murray; he was not as expert a pantomimist as François Kennedel; and he could not sing the conventional "clown song" as sonorously as Tom Barry. But he could do everything well, that each of these clever fellows specialized in. In short, he was the most versatile man of them all.

During the 80's he alternated as a professional fun-maker between the respective circuses of Phineas Taylor Barnum, William Cameron Coup, and "Father Adam" Forepaugh. His last appearance in New York was in 1892 on the stage of the Academy of Music in a Christmas pantomime, "Cinderella." Fanny Ward was the lovely heroine. Billy Burke played Pantaloons in the harlequinade to the Clown of George D. Melville, the Harlequin of Auguste Siegrist and the Columbine of Edith Craske.

Clowns of the Billy Burke

type are verily an extinct race now-a-days. This, without any disparagement of the many clever men in the employ of the estimable Messrs. Ringling. There are plenty of talented fellows with the heaven-born gift of humor and the pantomimic instinct to make it tangible; but their efforts are badly handicapped by the conditions under which they work. The subtle pantomime of "Slivers" Oakley and the delicate drolleries of "Spader" Johnson count for almost nothing, and pass unappreciated on the immense hippodrome track encircling three rings and two elevated stages. Billy Burke in one ring was irresistible. He had the concentrated attention of everyone in the audience. God rest you, Billy Burke!

TOWNSEND WALSH.



From an old and very rare circus bill.  
Billy Burke, the popular circus clown of the 80's, and father of Miss Billie Burke, the well-known actress.





FINALE TO THE LAST ACT OF "HANDS UP" AT THE FORTY-FOURTH STREET THEATRE



## THE NEW PLAYS

(Continued from page 113)



Romberg. Produced on July 22nd.

In making a summer production the managers seem to consider the title of more importance than the plot of the play. "Hands Up" may also be a suggestion to theatregoers to come to the box office and let the treasurer go through their pockets and relieve them of their surplus cash. But to carry this out successfully the production must be worth while. If putting together a number of vaudeville headliners constitutes a production, all right, but as we sat in the orchestra and watched Ralph Herz chasing the detective for three acts, we wondered if he was really chasing Irene Franklin, Florence Walton or others. But why try to tax the people's brain in summer time? "Hands Up" no doubt accomplishes its mission.

The shining star of the evening without doubt is the very clever Irene Franklin, whose songs and the way they are given, are a delight. Maurice and Florence Walton are not only miscast, but they have nothing to do, and those who applauded them at the cabarets for the past several years feel really sorry that no opportunity is given to them during the entire evening's entertainment.

**PORTMANTEAU.** A very interesting enterprise, which it may be hoped will safely pass through the period of experiment, is the Portmanteau Theatre, the most practical in its smallness of all the small theatres. Physically it is simply a portable stage that can be set up in any room—which need not be particularly small—and upon which can be produced plays of no great magnitude in scenic equipment and requiring no great number of masses of actors. The idea of the play may be big; its artistic nature and production are not to be measured in a small way. The smallness of the stage tends to intimacy, refinement and the imaginative. Wonders can be done by new methods of lighting and by the ingenious use of the means at hand. That it can accomplish surprising results was made manifest in the little plays produced at the Cristodoro Settlement House during the week of July 14th. The Portmanteau thus had its beginning in association with a social movement. While its first plays are adapted to the impressionable minds of the youthful of the Settlement, who are employed in various ways in the enterprise, the company is made up of professionals of unusual quality, and the staff of mechanicians are and

have to be expert in order to get the necessary effects. The performances to be given are not to be limited to the fantastic or the fable things appropriate to the young. It is designed to give performances in homes, clubs and schools. Of the three plays presented, one, "Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil," by Mr. Stuart Walker, who heads the organization, could be transported to any theatre in New York, just as it was seen, and be welcomed as a novelty and a relief by jaded audiences of the public. It is purely fantastic. It is as far away from any of the Troubles of the day that could be imagined. A Peasant is boiling lentils in a pot. A Queen is running away to hide from the executioner. She will be safe after a certain hour passes. The Peasant hides her. The Executioner comes in pursuit. Three or four other characters come and go, a ballad singer, a flower girl, and with each coming we have an episode always quaint and always full of action. The little play is described as a romance of cabbages and queens. Mr. Walker was for several years general stage-manager for David Belasco. His training and his own personal independence of thought are manifest in all these productions. He knows values. All his characters are good acting parts. One of the little plays was by Mary MacMillan, "A Fan and Two Candlesticks." Miss MacMillan is well known for her specialty in work of this kind. "The Triplet" was a dream play of the time "partly then and partly nowadays." Associated with Mr. Walker is Mr. Pemberton, a play by whom was recently done by The Washington Square Players. This enterprise is as near being something in the nature of "Art for Art's Sake" as could be. Certainly art cannot thrive without money, and we hope that on the practical side the venture will meet with encouragement.

**HUDSON. "UNDER FIRE."** A play in three acts by Roi Cooper Megrue. Produced August 13th.

President Wilson's appeals for strict neutrality were thrown to the winds at the Hudson Theatre, in the production of Roi Cooper Megrue's new war drama, "Under Fire." It is a play full of thrills, hair-breadth escapes, thunder, blood and murder.

The first act takes place in London in the home of Sir George Wagstaff, and there we meet, besides a number of minor characters, his

daughter and her governess, Ethel, who is married to Henry Streetman, a pseudo Englishman, who we soon learn is a German spy, born in Russia, Charlie Brown, an American reporter of the latest vintage, and Captain Redmond, hero of the play, who unexpectedly returns after an absence of twelve months to claim the heart and hand of Ethel, but too late. War is declared—everyone to his post! Streetman, after trying to obtain, through his wife, information regarding the plans of the English navy, rejoins his German regiment. Captain Redmond enters the English Secret Service. Charlie Brown goes about his business as reporter, and the second act brings everybody to Belgium.

They all meet accidentally at an Inn kept by Henri Christophe, a dear old soul who has been at one time a waiter in New York. The Germans enter the town. The Inn is selected as headquarters for the German Commander. Redmond has installed a telephone in the fireplace. It is discovered by Streetman, who accuses Christophe and without further formality orders him shot (Thrill No. 1). Redmond as Capt. Carl of the German Army is recognized by Streetman, who is about to shoot him when the Innkeeper's daughter, coming from behind, stabs him, to avenge her father's death (Thrill No. 2). Ethel, who had met Redmond at the Inn, has meanwhile escaped, taking with her to English headquarters the plans of the German Army found on Streetman. Redmond follows and the third act takes us into the English trenches in the Northern part of France. The staging of this act, judging from the pictures we have seen and accounts we all have read, was very realistic. A beautiful night only disturbed by obus passing over the trenches. Nothing happens until Streetman again turns up, this time as an English officer. He is about to telephone wrong informations to deceive the English commander, when suddenly Redmond arrives in time to denounce him, but—at that moment a bomb drops and tears the trenches apart killing nearly everybody. Is Redmond dead? No, but badly injured. He hears the telephone clicking. "Thank God! It is still working." Summoning up his courage he crawls to the 'phone and informs the English Headquarters of the German Army plans. He has saved the day and we see him next in the French church converted into a hospital where he receives the glad tidings that the battle of the Marne has turned defeat into victory for the allies. Ethel who has looked for him for three days, finds him at last—Happy reunion—Curtain!

Whatever Roi Cooper Megrue has  
(Continued on page 157)

person, and his work goes far toward giving distinction to a very agreeable little opera, which is slight in story, but—what is somewhat rare—with more humanness in it than artificiality. In the play this Englishman, Cecil Lean, is Rudolph Stoeger, plainly, from the circumstances, a hyphenated American, who, in his youth, in the Prologue, is making a study of those erudite branches of learning which are to be pursued only at such cheerful resorts as "The Blue Paradise Inn." He has three student companions, with their pipes and their "prosits" and beer mugs who reappear twenty-four years later matured into successful men. In the Prologue Rudolph falls in love with the flower girl of the Inn, the chief value to mankind being the song of parting between Rudolph and Mizzi, "Auf Wiedersehn." Rudolph is ordered home by his father to go into business, rubber, of the kind that supplies elasticity to your heels and gives smoothness to the running of the tires of your automobile. The natural result was that Rudolph was a millionaire when, twenty-four years later, he came back to enquire what had become of Mizzi. He still loves the memory of Mizzi, but he is followed across the waters by a widow who loves him, the relict of the partner of his deceased father who insists that it is his duty, under a certain compact between the partners that he marry her. Mizzi had married one of the students of the old days and has become a shrew, but there is a counterpart of her in her daughter, who, as Rudolph half dreams at a table, alone at the Inn, now converted into her father's palatial home, comes in to him as a flower girl, whereupon we have in song a reminiscence of "Auf Wiedersehn." Rudolph accepts it as a dream and is to return to his rubber business and marry the widow. The opera has the merit of having good scenes in the dramatic sense, comedy in characterizations and lines. As an opera it has qualities, usual and unusual, and may be described as pleasing and successful. The Mizzi of the Prologue and the last, second act, was Miss Vivienne Segal, who as understudy got the opportunity to establish herself all of a sudden. There are one or two good, swinging drinking songs, a very spirited one of "Vienna, Vienna," with others that are in keeping with the kind of music expected in the light operas from Vienna. Robert G. Pitkin, Teddy Webb, Walter Armin, Frances Demarest, and a good chorus helped to carry the production through to success.

**44TH STREET. "HANDS UP."** Piece in two acts. Book by Edgar Smith; lyrics by E. Ray Goetz; music by E. Ray Goetz and Sigmund



## New Faces and Old Names

(Continued from page 130)

to cut short a stage career. Julie Opp (Mrs. William Faversham), with three engaging, healthy youngsters, frequently withdraws from her husband's company for two or three months or even a full season to devote herself to them; but she sees no reason why she should retire absolutely. Blanche Bates (Mrs. George Creel), whose baby is only a year old, says she will leave the stage forever when the girl is old enough to need her personal care and guidance. On the other hand, Henrietta Crosman's, Mrs. Leslie Carter's and May Irwin's sons are grown men. Grace George's boy, her only child, is twelve or fourteen, Laurette Taylor's boy and girl are younger, and Ethel Barrymore's two boys and girl are still in babyhood. Last January, when a little girl was born to Bessie McCoy (Mrs. Richard Harding Davis), Lillian Kalich, Bertha Kalich (Spachner)'s daughter was old enough to appear in vaudeville with her mother. However, few star actresses on top at present have children of any age to worry them or to carry on their fame to later generations, among the wives who are not mothers being Margaret Anglin (Mrs. Howard Hull), Annie Russell (Mrs. Oswald Yorke), Julia Marlowe (Mrs. E. H. Sothorn), Margaret Illington (Mrs. E. J. Bowes), Eleanor Robson (Mrs. August Belmont), Virginia Harned (Mrs. William Courtenay), Elsie Ferguson (Mrs. Fred Hoey), Jane Cowl (Mrs. Adolph Klauber) and Billie Burke (Mrs. Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr.). But if Miss Burke has no baby of her own, she has an adopted daughter, daughter of a dead friend, Cheridah Watson—a girl who looks as old as herself!

VANDERHEYDEN FYLES.

## Hobbies of Players

(Continued from page 127)

strous procession of elephants, led by a magnificent creature in brass, the sacred elephant of Benares, in gorgeously and barbaric trappings for a fête. Bronze elephants, marble elephants, wooden elephants, ivory pachyderms, overflow the book cases and find rest on the window sills or in the corners of the room, and seek security on the mantle. They are luck bringers, Miss Dean avers, but at any rate, she is of the pronounced opinion that they are animals rich in "personality."

Anna Held shares Miss Dean's predilection for animals, especially for the elephant, a big creature, with whom she was photographed at the Zoo in New York. A more wholesome hobby than the French actresses' former fancy, still occasionally pursued, of witnessing operations in hospitals in order that she may "become hard." Such sights the Parisian visitor believes inure the soul to the forbidding aspects of life.

Pauline Frederick entertains the opinion, old but ever challenging, that every woman should be mistress of her house, not in theory but in fact. Miss Frederick, of Boston origin, is grateful to her New England mother, who taught her how to do everything in the art of house-keeping. Not only can Miss Frederick cook, scrub, bake, wash and iron but she does it. I can furnish ample corroborative evidence.

Jessie Busley pursues the same plan in her farming in the Adirondacks. She teaches her servants to milk the cows, not by theory but by example. Ruth Chatterton is frankly uninterested in anything except the stage and books. Her afternoons are spent in the library. She is one



White

JAMES W. MORRISON

In "Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil" at the Portmanteau Theatre

of the few who have earned the term "bookish."

Isabel Irving's hobbies are twofold. Like Miss Chatterton she is a book worm. She spends what she terms "shocking sums" for books. Her home, "The Captain's Cabin," at Siasconset, Mass., is packed ceiling high with them. Her hotel rooms, while she is on tour, overflow with them.

Frances Starr has developed a fondness for articles of the "Early American Period." Quaintly she corrects your loose use of the terms "Revolutionary" and "Colonial." "Early American" covers it. She has made fascinating excursions into down town shops in search of laces, or old ball gowns, of discarded slippers whose owners danced their last and have trod their way to new bournes. Her dining room, even to its dull blue walls and black furniture, is a replica of that time of mingled austerity and romance. Sitting on the floor of her room she opened a chest that exuded ghostly odors of musk and showed me a fan that had belonged to beautiful Evelyn Bird, of Virginia, the arch coquette who declined the hand of "George Washington."

Grace Filkins is one of the intellectuals. To offset the trivialities of her stage characters she attends morning lectures on profound subjects. The Forum knows her as an attendant at lectures. ADA PATTERSON.

## The Art of Joseph Urban

(Continued from page 125)

exquisite and novel pictures he has made for a setting for the Follies.

These pictures are the man. He is gifted, nervous, sensitive. His life is in his studio at Swampscot, he mixes very little with people, his art is his life, but he sees the life around him because he has eyes to see it. This artist's theory is that "le Beau"—Beauty—was never given to but one epoch and to but one people; but that every period bears the flower of the earth which is to be seen and exploited by the right man. Beauty is a question of selection. In order to see the Beauty of to-day new processes of physiology needs, perhaps, to be employed. Processes that were innovating for his day were devised by Balzac, who, by means of these, was enabled to find grandeur in money, in family life, in the ugliness of modern things which authors preceding him would have rejected as beneath art. For a painter there is nothing more unsuitable than the black dress suit of man, the "habit noir." But if a Bronzino were alive to-day he would find a place for the habit noir in his canvases, and if Rembrandt returned it is certain that a dress suit painted by him would be a beautiful thing. These or something like these are the arguments that Urban uses in defense of the novelty of his art, which in the first place needs no defense and in the second place is not novel. How can it be if as the artist says he found its roots in Albrecht Durer and in the painters of Japan?

"Sensations, intuitions of contemporary life, the spectacle in which we are a part, the Present, in which we feel the surging of our own passions, the Modern—life, literature, art, all is there!" WILLIS STELL.

## Lou-Tellegen

(Continued from page 133)

used to be up at five in the morning and out in the marshes about New Orleans shooting duck."

"Yes, I have gone shooting with her many times. She is an excellent shot. In Canada she used to shoot bags full of birds and rabbits."

"She is utterly without fear. I learned this while we were playing in Los Angeles. We lived in Venice, California. While driving from Venice to Los Angeles our automobile ran into a wagon load of iron pipes. We had a frightful jar. Fortunately Madame escaped with a slight scratch. I expected hysterics. But ah, the world-wide difference between what you expect and what you get when Mme. Bernhardt is a factor! I stood, utterly unnerved, my whole body shaken. Madame was like the rock of Gibraltar. She dismissed the incident with one sentence: 'We must get another machine and hurry on, else we will be late at the theatre.'

"She is so young—so young. That is the miracle," he exclaimed. "As young as at eighteen."

Lou-Tellegen would introduce the methods of the Paris Conservatoire into this country. "It can be done but it will take time," he said with quiet earnestness. "I would have your stage enjoy that great benefit. Only then will you produce such artists as you are capable of producing. Your audiences are wonderful, the most appreciative audiences in the world. It is not I alone who think that. Mme. Bernhardt thinks it."

"But your players must have the severe training of such a school as the Conservatoire. There two and three hundred apply for entrance and only eight or nine are chosen. Then they must study everything: languages, music, fencing, dancing, stage deportment, literature of the stage. That requires three years. There are several concourses, and at the last concourse a girl who is talented may choose the part she will play. In this country it would be Juliet. In France it is, we will say, Phedre. All of critical Paris is there to see her in one of the subsidized theatres, the Française or the Odeon. If she is gifted and has been an assiduous student she wins her reward. And what is that do you think? She becomes at once a star? No. She may be engaged for a good part for one season. The next she may play a maid. It will be many years before she is always permitted to play important rôles. In France we know no stars, except in the firmament. But when she is permitted to play important parts continually she has proven herself able to play well any part."

"On the other hand a girl who is young, pretty and has charm, plays one part in a success for a year, and behold she is made a star. What woe awaits her and the public when she has to play any other than her first charm part! Ah! Yes. You need a school founded on the Conservatoire idea and I shall give it to you."

Lou-Tellegen, himself a student of the Conservatoire, and having in his home in Paris the laurel wreath it vouchsafed him, outlined his plan for an American conservatoire.

"It is not a mere dream. Already Americans interested in the plan have guaranteed the rent. That is not a heavy expense for it will merely be a large hall with a stage. There should be no accessories to detract from the concentration of the pupils upon their tasks."

"The tuition will be absolutely free."

A. P.





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New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 28th of each month.



## Charles Frohman's Work

(Continued from page 118)

stage lighting. As to scenery, we have already reached a very high standard. We can scarcely compete with the spectacular features that the motion pictures have achieved so well, the spectacle play will not probably be a future ambition of the theatre."

Obviously, this statement led to a forecast in the character of plays to come. Since the spectacular play seemed to be banished from the artistic outlook, what sort of plays would prevail?

"We have in this country," said Mr. Thomas, "some very brilliant, daring, serious-minded playwrights. One can study Edward Sheldon's plays with a great deal of satisfaction, and with much surprise for their cleverness. I am inclined to regard the man who wrote so remarkable a play as 'Romance,' as the most promising American dramatist. Constructively, while being the most daring, this was a finished piece of playwriting. Edward Sheldon does not fear to experiment, he is industrious, as well as enthusiastic, and will do great things in his work. Another American playwright who is developing great ability along serious, conscientious lines, is George Scarborough, who first appeared on the theatrical horizon with a play from his pen, called, 'The Lure.' I am impressed with Scarborough's seriousness, his conscientious purpose, his skill, and his industry. Personally a very modest man, he will probably write big plays. Then, there are a great many clever women in America, writing clever plays, and much is to be expected from them."

"Do you expect the adapted play from a French source, to become a demand of the American public?"

"My acquaintance with playwrights abroad, is chiefly limited to those in England. I cannot speak of the French writers, because I don't know them personally. It seems as though the best demonstration of playwriting must be looked for from England, yes, in spite of the war. It seems to me as though the war condition will wake the English playwright up, and once you wake an Englishman, he's rather a formidable fellow. Not that he will write war plays, but because the dramatic depths that he has already given us will become deeper and more vital through his experiences in the war, and we may expect from England much greater plays than we have had so far. I cannot see that they have stopped writing; on the contrary, plays are arriving to us from England, and it seems as though they were writing them quite industriously."

It developed that Augustus Thomas had completed a new play of his own. Not a psychological problem play, but a straight American frontier story, of the class, according to Mr. Thomas, of one of his earlier plays like "Arizona."

"I shall consider it my duty, to offer my own play to the Frohman Company first," said the author, "it is finished and ready for production."

There was some talk about "new stars," some enthusiasm shown for "new blood" to be heard from in the theatre. One cannot be too gossipy on this score, however.

"Personally, I have always regarded John Mason as one of our most satisfying and remarkable American actors, and if I ever want a real man on the stage, I instinctively think of George Nash," said the author.

In perpetuating the art of Charles Frohman, it is obvious that Augustus Thomas undertakes the task, with conscientious sympathy and artistic discretion.

W. DE WAGSTAFFE.

## Charlie Chaplin

(Continued from page 121)

this problem much easier for me, however, thanks to an arrangement by which I have the use of a studio in Los Angeles set apart entirely for my own plays, and a little selected company of players, who work with me in all my releases. They have grown used to my methods, my effects, and purposes, so that the working out of a new play under these conditions is a pleasure.

They know that I find naturalness in the screen-comedy by studying my characters and situations in real life, and they have adapted my plan.

Most of the fun in "Work," one of my very latest releases, comes through the efforts of a painter's assistant to push a two-wheeled barrow loaded with materials. This idea came to me from a scene I witnessed, one that was not funny for the assistant, but very laughable for the bystanders. The man was trying to get up hill, and the weight of the barrow kept pulling him up in the air, and letting him down again, until finally he was carried in a half circle over his barrow wheel and the contents were spilled. I enlarged the idea, and the audiences shout with amusement.

And yet, I heard a captious critic say the other day that "slap stick comedy" was becoming all the rage on the screen. The man who gave this information was in deep mourning. He was probably a philosopher. He said that the world was going to pot and that our vaunted civilization was merely a veneer. The fact, he said, that intelligent people were laughing uproariously at the efforts of clowns and buffoons was a sign that the world was reverting to type. He prophesied dreadful things, a return to the dark ages, and he expressed the fear that there would only be a few enlightened people left to keep up the refinements of life.

I have long waited for a contest to be announced, offering a prize for the funniest thing I ever heard. If it should happen, I am going to submit the statement of this philosopher, to win the prize. I say that, because I have a theory that comedy increases in refinement in inverse proportion to the refinement of the world in which it appears. That is why horseplay was not funny to the barbarians.

## GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER

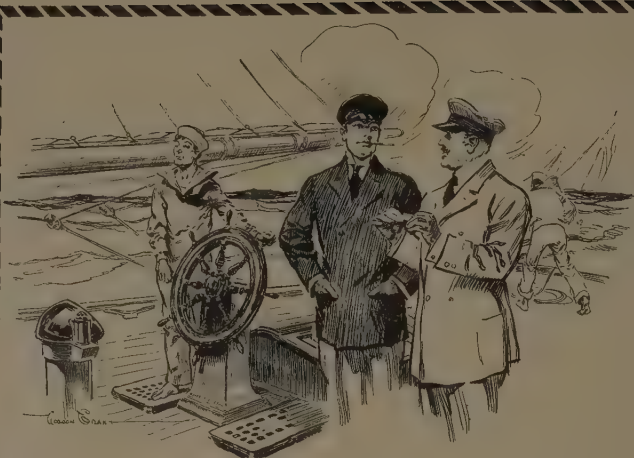
50c. the case of six glass stoppered bottles

## NEW COLUMBIA RECORDS

Mme. Margarete Matzenauer possesses a contralto voice that has caused many columns of newspaper praise. There is a volume and power in her singing that is particularly adapted to Italian airs. Tosti put some of his best genius into "Aprile" and "Kiss Me Love," and the famous contralto's singing of these songs adds to the composer's efforts.

The latest addition to the Columbia artists is Karl Jorn. The first record offerings of Jorn's remarkable voice are given in two duets and four solos selected from the incomparable Rhine ballads and folk-songs of the Fatherland-melodies as familiar in American homes as our own "Old Black Joe" and "Swanee River."

Those gay performers, Jockers Brothers, have arranged a clever medley of classic airs and swung them into dance tempo, making the novelty record of this month's dance list. "The Little Gray Home in the West" and "Where My Caravan Has Rested" introduce two splendid medleys. The balance of the list covers a Fox Trot, a One-Step, a Polka and a Schottische. Adv.



## Smokers Who Use Riz La Croix "Papers" Are Always On The Right Tack

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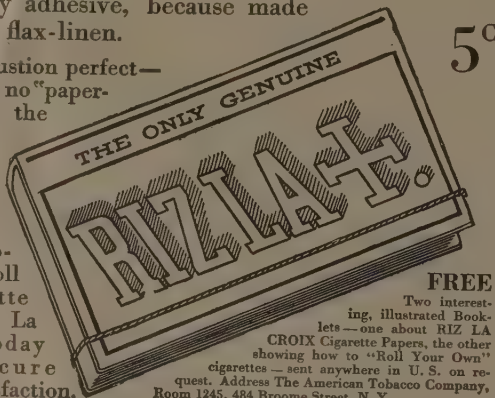
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Why?*



## *Do You Like to Have Your Shopping Done for You*

So many of our readers have written us for news of where and how to purchase the articles shown in "Footlight Fashions."—

So many have said, "I live away from the city and it is so irksome to come in."—

So many have said, "I cannot find this lovely thing you show—will you get it for me?"—

*Therefore, we are going to offer to do that for you*

**P**PROMPTED by what we see of the clothes and the furnishings of the lovely homes of such prominent women of the stage as Miss Billie Burke and Miss Ann Murdock, the articles shown in "Footlight Fashions" are those that we find in the smartest shops that most nearly resemble them.

Nothing but the very latest—the very smartest—and the very best quality appeals to these famous stage people who go everywhere, see everything, do everything and wear everything—*first*.

There is no place just like New York City for the purchase of fashionable clothes—correct furniture, odd and

dainty gifts for all occasions—hangings—wall-papers—the latest designs in small personal articles, such as purses, handbags, jewelry, veils—the loveliest and latest of everything.

For this service, we do not charge you. Our shoppers are in the shops all the time and will be at your service for any of your shopping needs. Even if you are in need of merchandise which we have not shown we will be glad to either purchase for you or advise you as to shops, prices, etc.

Write us and we will tell you how to use the Theatre Magazine Shopping Service to your greatest benefit.

*Address your Shopping Service letters to Anne Archbald*



War was declared a year ago. Since then members of Collier's staff in Russia, England, France, Germany, Austria, and Italy have contributed over 100 special War articles to Collier's. An average of two exceptional war articles a week has distinguished Collier's war service from that of every other publication.

The position of preeminence which Collier's holds as a war Newsweekly is largely due to the work of the following correspondents, whose combined efforts have been acclaimed as the most authentic and graphic portrayal of the war to date:

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The earliest first-hand articles to appear in any magazine on the Dardanelles campaign, are Arthur Ruhl's vivid word pictures of life with the Turkish Army at Gallipoli—now appearing in

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## DRAMATIC BOOKS

DRAMA. Selected List. Detroit Public Library. 1914.

This selected list, presumably for the use of the readers of the Detroit Public Library, but of interest to all who may have it in their possession, confines itself to the more recently published plays and books on the drama. No doubt the older books in the library would require a more voluminous catalogue. The publication of acted plays is becoming the general custom. It has always been the custom in France. Naturally, some of these plays and books are not worth publishing, but this is a selected list of the best. There are about one hundred and thirty books on the drama and the stage, twenty biographies and about four hundred plays, and among them are a number of titles that reveal a publication of which not every reader, as closely as he may observe announcements, may not be aware. The library also takes the principal magazines of the theatre, including THE THEATRE MAGAZINE.

### Julia Marlowe Retires

Julia Marlowe will never appear again on the stage, according to a statement recently issued by her husband.

### GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER

50c. the case of six glass stoppered bottles

### NEW VICTOR RECORDS

The mere announcement that Caruso, Gluck, or McCormack is to sing or that Maud Powell is to play is always sufficient to insure a crowded house. And the fact that all these great artists and many others appear in the list of August Victor Records insures a hearty welcome for this new list.

Caruso is heard in a Tosti number, "My Song to Thee," one of the most charming compositions of this famous Italian composer. Margarete Ober presents a fine rendition of a highly interesting Schubert number. "To the Infinite," which is marked by great dramatic force and intensity. Lucrezia Bori sings beautifully the joyous air from the Iris, "Life Is Gaily Passing." Julia Culp temporarily forsakes her "lieder" and contributes an operatic aria, a delightful rendition of "Delilah's Song of Spring" from Saint-Saens' Samson and Delilah.

Alma Gluck is heard in a charming rendition of an old Scotch ballad, "The Braes o' Balquhiddy," which is set to an old Highland air. Another duet—the ever popular "Miserere"—is given by Emmy Destinn and Giovanni Martinelli with the Metropolitan Opera Chorus. Evan Williams sings a delightful song of sentiment, "A Spray of Roses," with his usual excellent vocalization and tone quality.

Maud Powell gives a noble and dignified rendition of the impressive Handel "Largo" which demonstrates that she is one of the greatest of American violinists. Adv.

## QUERIES ANSWERED

The editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondents may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no addresses furnished. These and other queries connected with player's purely personal affairs will be ignored.

I. C. P., Mt. Airy, Phila.—Q.—Can you tell me something of the life and career of H. V. Esmond? What plays has he written other than "Eliza Comes to Stay?"

A.—Henry V. Esmond was born in Hanton Court, November 30, 1869. He made his first appearance on the stage in 1887. He has appeared in numerous plays including "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "As You Like It," "Romeo and Juliet," "Hamlet," "The U. S. A.," "The School for Scandal," "Eliza Comes to Stay," and "Tribby." He is the author of many successful plays, some of which are "Rest," "Bogey," "One Summer's Day," "When We Were Twenty-One," "Under the Greenwood Tree" and "Sandy and His Eliza."

A. M., Los Angeles, Calif.—A.—We do not answer personal questions concerning actresses. 2. A photograph of Adele Rowland and a short sketch of her career was published in our February 1915 issue.

H. R. B., Albany, N. Y.—It is against our policy to furnish addresses of players.

A Reader.—Q.—Have Julia Marlowe's pictures been published in the series entitled "Prominent Players in Their Homes?"

2. Will you publish a full page of Miss Marlowe? 3. Where can I obtain a program of Miss Marlowe's production of "When Knighthood was in Flower?"

A.—Miss Marlowe's home has not figured in the series "Prominent Players in Their Homes." 2. We have published many full page pictures of Miss Marlowe. See our March and August 1913 issues. 3. We do not know; write to Miss Marlowe direct.

I. C., Anderson, Ind.—Q.—Do film companies accept scenarios written in a neat legible hand?

A.—Yes, but it is preferable to have them typewritten.

M. A., Youngstown, O.—Q.—Kindly advise me where Godfrey Mathews, leading man some years ago with the Youngstown Players is now located?

A.—We do not know.

J. H. S., Chicago, Ill.—Q.—Is Elsie Janis to appear in a musical or a straight comedy next year and what is the name of the play? 2. Is Ruth Chatterton to continue playing "Daddy Long-Legs" or is she to have a new play?

A.—According to the latest announcements, Elsie Janis is to appear in a straight comedy, entitled "The Missing Link." Ruth Chatterton for the present will continue in "Daddy Long-Legs."

Me.—Q.—Why was the production of "Hands Up" abandoned? 2. Who designed the costumes in "The Passing Show of 1915?" 3. Do members of a company have any guarantee against a play going to the wall?

A.—The production of "Hands Up" was not abandoned, but only postponed for a time owing to changes which were made in the cast. It is now being presented at the 44th Street Theatre. 2. The costumes for the present Winter Garden attraction were designed by Mrs. J. J. Shubert. 3. The only guarantee actors have is that each contract has a two-weeks' notice clause in it, thus guaranteeing the player at least two weeks' salary.

C. W. B., Ottawa, Ill.—Q.—Could you put me in touch with someone who could write words to music I compose?

A.—We would advise you to communicate with some of the music publishers in this city: M. Witmark & Sons, 144 West 37th Street; Waterson, Berlin and Snyder Co., 1571 Broadway, etc., etc.

K. M., San Dmas, Calif.—Q.—When will E. H. Sothern begin his next tour? 2. When will Phyllis Nelson-Terry appear in Los Angeles?

A.—E. H. Sothern will appear at the Booth Theatre all during this season in a repertory of modern pieces. 2. Miss Nelson-Terry continues in the title rôle of "Tribby" next season on tour, and the company will no doubt appear in Los Angeles, but it is impossible to tell the exact date at this time.

J. J. G., Philadelphia, Pa.—Q.—Can you tell me if Juliet Shelby, who was formerly associated with William and Dustin Farnum in "The Littlest Rebel" is still on the stage?

A.—For the past year she has been appearing in motion pictures under the name of Mary Miles Minter.

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# The Theatre Magazine—Book Department

The following List of Books Should Be in the Library of Every Lover of Music and Drama and will be forwarded on receipt of order and amount.

## MAKING-UP

By JAMES YOUNG

1 small 8vo. Cloth. With great many Illustrations. \$1.25

Here is a book that many ambitious players and amateurs will welcome. Many months of painstaking research and considerable expense were lavished upon its compilation and preparation, and the result which lies before the reader, will doubtless meet every requirement of those interested. This work shows the different phases of make-up and every section is thoroughly covered. They are as follows: Section I, Making-up—a History. Section II, Requirements. Section III, Methods of make-up. Section IV, Features. Section V, Types and nationalities. Section VI, Interesting talks on make-up by prominent actors.

## STUDIES IN STAGECRAFT

By CLAYTON HAMILTON

\$1.50 net.

Contents: The New Art of Making Plays, The Pictorial Stage, The Decorative Drama, The Drama of Illusion, The Modern Art of Stage Direction, A Plea for a New Type of Play, The Period of Pragmatism, The Undramatic Drama, The Value of Stage Conventions, The Supernatural Drama, The Irish National Theatre, The Personality of the Playwright, Themes and Stories of the Stage, Plausibility in Plays, Infirmary of Purpose, Where to Begin a Play, Continuity of Structure, Rhythm and Tempo, The Plays of Yesteryear, A New Defense of Melodrama, The Art of the Moving-Picture Play, The One-Act Play in America, Organizing an Audience, The Function of Dramatic Criticism

## Who's Who in the Theatre, 1914-15

JOHN PARKER, Editor

With an introduction by SIR HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE

8vo. Cloth. 946 pages. Net, \$3.00

This book is primarily intended to be a biographical dictionary of the more prominent persons connected with the contemporary stage, not only of those engaged in the actual profession of acting, but also of managers, dramatists, musical composers, critics, etc.

The theatre of to-day is cosmopolitan, and the interchange of plays and players has become frequent, so that many hundred notabilities of the theatre not only in America and Great Britain, but also in the British Colonies, France, Germany, Holland and the other European countries are included.

## The Theory of the Theatre

By CLAYTON HAMILTON

\$1.50 net.

The Theory of the Theatre.—What is a Play?—The Psychology of Theatre Audiences.—The Actor and the Dramatist.—Stage Conventions in Modern Times.—Economy of Attention in Theatrical Performances.—Emphasis in the Drama.—The Four Leading Types of Drama: Tragedy and Melodrama; Comedy and Farce.—The Modern Social Drama.—Other Principles of Dramatic Criticism.—The Public and the Dramatist.—Dramatic Art and the Theatre Business.—Imitation and Suggestion in the Drama.—Dramatic Literature and Theatrical Journalism.—The Intention of Performance.—The Quality of New Endeavor.—The Effect of Plays upon the Public.—Pleasant and Unpleasant Plays.—Themes in the Theatre.—The Function of Imagination, etc., etc.

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# Autumn Outfitting

with all its delightful problems, is now in order. The shops are filled with all the season's attractions—from beautiful hats to charming hose.

But it is in this last named item that the greatest treat awaits you. While you have been summering the makers of "Onyx" Hosiery have been preparing for your Autumn wants, and the results of their planning is shown in the tremendous Autumn assortment of novelties which every good dealer in the country is now ready to show in



## "Onyx" Hosiery Silk

The whole gamut of hosiery fashion is covered from the new smart verticals to the most beautiful shades and tones of evening hose.

The popular favorites are the three famous numbers, 235, 350 and 106, will be more popular than ever this season, for the range of coloring in each has been increased, and improved manufacturing facilities have enabled us to add further to their heretofore matchless quality and value. They are made with the famous

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Fine Silk with DUB-L Lisle garter top, triple extra spliced heel and toe, medium weight.	Pure Silk, DUB-L wide garter top, triple extra spliced heel and toe. Seasonable weight.	Medium weight, finest thread silk, DUB-L Silk garter top, triple extra spliced heel and toe.

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New York



# FOOTLIGHT FASHIONS

## CONTENTS

Clothes Seen  
on the Stage

What "They" Say  
About the New Furs

A Bit O' a Gift  
In the Candle Light



© Ira L. Hill, N. Y. C.

*The buoyancy of youth is expressed in every fold and line of the gown Mary Pickford wears as a complement to every exquisite childish line of her own fragile beauty. If every woman was as careful to match her personality to her dressing!*



# Clothes Seen On The Stage



A Lanvin model from Gidding's, dark blue satin, silk braided in white, and belted in patent leather. It should reward anyone's search for smart simplicity.



Here is a suit from McCreery's with everything thought of from the pocket on the left to the button hole for one's gardenia on the right.



The distinctively new touch of the season is the beading on serge frocks and Gidding's uses it most effectively in orange on this blue serge dress.

MISS INA CLAIRE, wrapped in a lavender kimono looked round and smiled a greeting at me from under the lace frills of a lavender cap, as I was ushered into her dressing room during a Saturday matinee of the "Ziegfeld Follies." A frock of lavender voile hung on the wall, a lavender hat (I'm

Another one-piece model from Lord & Taylor's that looking like a suit serves the same purpose, yet has advantages of its own.



coming back to that hat again; it was quite a particular hat) reposed above it on a shelf.

I had just been reading some of the interesting things that Mr. Henry J. Davison, interior decorator, has to say about the meaning of different colors and their definite effect on our differing personalities. Without always consciously knowing it, we react pleasantly to a color that harmonizes with our real individuality; our efficiency is enhanced. Naturally, then, the reverse is



A dark blue satin from Lord & Taylor with a distinct waist line. How much it resembles, with its sash and ruffled skirt, the dresses of the 1880 or thereabouts period.

true. Lavender, I remembered Mr. Davison as saying, stands for mystery, reticence, from which is an easy derivation to refinement, simplicity, demureness. I wondered whether the prevailing lavender in evidence about Miss Claire were an instinctive preference or a deliberate choice. For refinement, simplicity, demureness are certainly all qualities—though by no odds the only ones—expressive of Miss Claire's delightful personality. And as I saw her later from a seat in the house, singing "Hello, Frisco," or doing her imitations of Marie Odile and Mrs. Castle, I felt that the efficiency of her clever art could not possibly have been increased. Had the enviroing lavender anything to do with it?

## A LAVENDER FROCK AND HAT.

I was about to ask when my attention was side-tracked by Miss Claire's maid taking down from its peg the lavender voile and holding it up for my inspection. A Hollander model, it was smart simplicity itself—a three-ruffled skirt, a bébé bodice of some sort or other, a black velvet ribbon 'round the waist. But so extraordinarily effective! And the hat—that particular hat—was a lavender dyed Panama, trimmed with an inch-wide ribbon of shaded blues and a dear little bunch of shaded roses. It had come from Zyrot in London and—take note, Ladies, who hear so much of the extravagance of the stage—was a last year's hat. I purposely did not say last year's model, at least, as far as American is concerned, because as a matter of fact, London had anticipated by a year the turn-

up-in-back and down-in-front shape we are now wearing so much. As the hat was therefore entirely up-to-date and still fresh and lovely and becoming, Miss Claire, I might interpolate with the most extraordinary and uncommon sense in the world, had seen no reason why she should not carry it over into a second season.

## NEW YORK PRE-EMINENT FOR SHOPPING.

However, in spite of the forthcomingness of London with regard to the hat, Miss Claire thinks there is no place in the world to shop like New York City.

"In London, for instance," she said (Miss Claire was a year in London, you know, *saison d'hiver*, 1914, "The Girl from Utah," *saison printanière*, "The Belle of Bond Street"), "there is really no store except Jay's where one can go direct and be sure of picking up a smart French model. One has to trail all



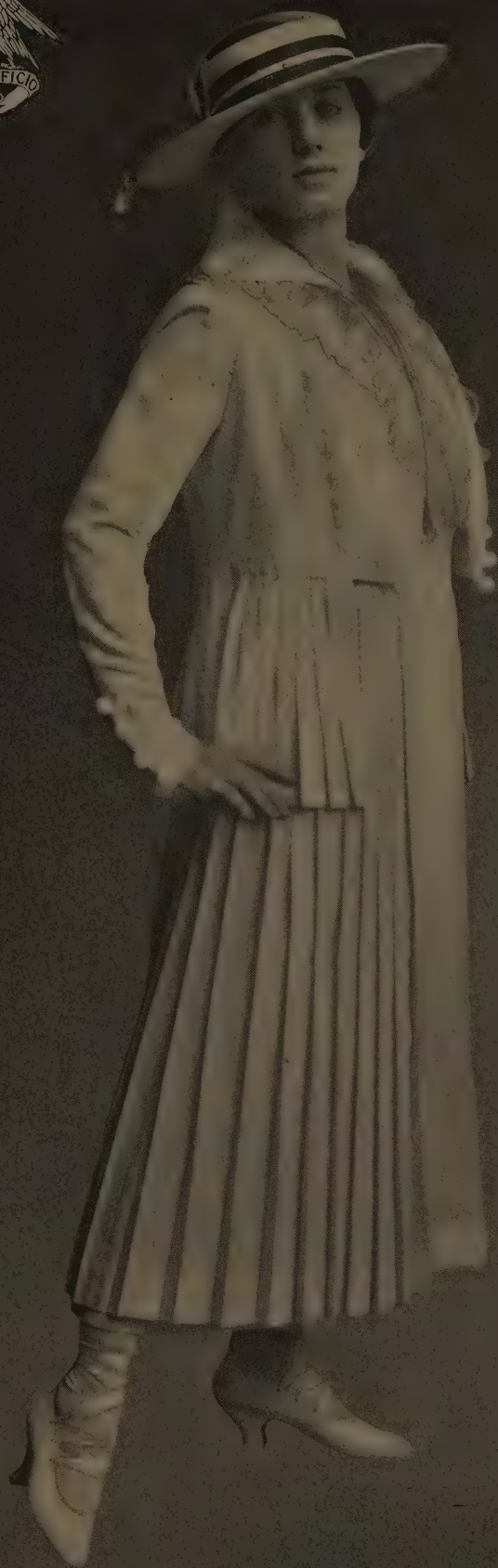
A McCreery one-piece frock of "nigger" brown in serge and taffeta, of such exquisite cut and such smartness that stout or slim, old or young, could wear it

over the place to find what one wants. Here one can go in any number of special shops, Bendel's, Hollander's, Gidding's, to say nothing of the larger department stores, and find a richness from which to choose. In London one finds only English things or French ones modified; in Paris, of course, only French things. But here we have the pick not only from England and France, but from every country, and all within such easy walking distance on or near our wonderful Fifth Avenue." Miss Claire felt one could not be too enthusiastic about New York's unrivalled qualifications for shopping.

"Personally I am very fond," Miss Claire went on, "of English clothes. Perhaps because they suit me best. No, I think I should like them anyway, even if I could only admire them on some one else. They are so artistic, yet so simple. I'm tremendously keen on simplicity—but an emphasized, a knowing yet concealing simplicity—in clothes as well

(Continued on page 157)





MISS FLORENCE WALTON  
New York's distinguished  
dancer, as she appears in  
a Knox Hat of white  
French felt with tip of  
black felt banded with  
black and white moire—  
an early Fall model.

**KNOX HATS**  
452 Fifth Avenue  
New York City



## What "They" Say About The New Furs



Hudson seal for coats is imperative, say the big fur houses, if one would belong sartorially to the smart world, and the further touch of beaver trimming, as shown in this stunning Révillon Frères model, gives one all that there is of the "latest cry."

One of the joys of buying furs at a big house, beside, of course, the superiority of the skins, is the finishing that is put on a garment. This lovely afternoon or evening coat of Hudson seal from Gunther's with its white fox borderings, needed only the inside bordering of white satin to make it a harmonious and lovely whole.



This mink coat, with its stripes running around, instead of up and down as of yesteryear, is a feature of the house of A. Jaekel & Co., and the same idea is made up for sable and a wonderful chinchilla coat, soft as a feather breast.



A good ermine "needs no bush," but I call your attention to the curving cut of this scarf in the center above, which makes it hang in a more graceful line than the straight scarf of last year. This model and the muff with its novel arrangement of little tails to match is one of Gunther's newest offerings.

The new fur to lead in smartness for sets of scarf and muff is "Cross" fox, a combination of the red and silver fox, and such a beautiful product in coloring that I wonder we have not had it featured before. This was a peculiarly beautiful set from A. Jaekel & Co.

I MIGHT, if this were not an unusual and disturbed year in the history of almost everything, have opened an article written in August on winter furs, with an apology for its prematurity. Probably I should have suggested that "the bird of time has but a little way to fly," and should be taken hurriedly by the forelock.

But we are, by now, so accustomed to the sight of fur scarves floating gaily down the Avenue under a thirty-eight-centimeter July sun or wrapped around the throat for a warm August evening dance (yes, you do too), that an apology for any possible wrench to the mind out of its ordinary seasonal clothes channel is no longer necessary. Fur scarves for summer flow nonchalantly into the heavier fur for fall and winter, and all one has to do is to state the general trend in view.

The perspective is alluring. The fur to lead in smartness for sets of scarf and muff is "Cross" fox, a combination as its name suggests, of the red and silver fox and such a beautiful product in coloring that I wonder we have not had it featured before. Red shades into a silver brown on the skins and that in turn to a dark brown on legs and tail. After the "Cross" in popularity come the other foxes, the silver, the black, the blue, though why in the name of all that's confusing the latter should be called blue when it's really a slaty brown I don't know.

Whole skins are used for a neck-

piece much as we have been wearing them, but the muffs, a distinct departure from last year, are very much smaller, Jaekel showing one belonging to a red fox set that was hardly more than a round fluffy ball. It was a muff distinctly in period with the 1880 dress shown on another page and engagingly chic. And speaking of 1880 Révillon hints that a little later in the year the long fur boas indigenous to that period are also to return. They are at present being "felt out," so to speak.

A. Jaekel & Co., Gunther Bros. and Révillon Frères, beside uniting on the smartness of the "Cross" fox fur sets, are likewise agreed on the smartness of the Hudson Seal fur coats trimmed, collars, cuffs and bottoms of skirts, with beaver fox or lynx. These coats have a distinct fit at the waist, in keeping with the season's dresses, and a rippling flare below, as you may see by the various sketches. One of the large

houses lent me a most interesting book on furs, and I find therein that it is necessary to give each fashion a rest in order that a particular species may have time to catch up in the matter of offspring, and not become extinct. That was doubtless why I saw no trace of last year's civet cat. If we are to continue with this summer as well as winter season of furs, we shall doubtless, within the next few years, be using for the top notch of fashion the Rabbit-eared Bandicoot, or the two-spotted Pardoxure from the West Coast of Africa.

I should like to state in conclusion something which doubtless has been suggested to you before, but which bears emphasizing. And that is that now, even as early as August and the first of September is the best time to buy furs. It is one of the reasons why we offer an article on them in this number—that you may have the opportunity of knowing what furs in what styles are going to be worn. As far as the styles go there is nothing to be gained by waiting till a little later in the season. The big houses have fixed the trend of them for the year. And as far as the pelts themselves are concerned they are likely in the case of the more popular ones to be higher in price later on than at the present. A buyer tipped me off to the fact, for instance, that the destined popularity of the "Cross" fox is making its price advance a little with each week, and that there would be quite an appreciable difference for the pocketbook if one "shopped early." But whether early or late the Shopping Service of THE THEATRE will be glad to give prices of any of the furs. ANNE ARCHBOLD.



# The New Military Curve

an exclusive feature in these modish corsets, means that YOU can immediately have not only a **DISTINCTIVE FIGURE** but **PERFECT COMFORT** in **REAL** corsets. A wide diversity of smart styles in



assures a model correct for every figure giving the necessary support, and creating the authentic shape over which to build Autumn gowns. Be sure and ask for **BON TON** corsets—accept no substitute.

**SOLD by DEALERS**

\$3.50, \$5, \$6.50, \$8, \$10

and upwards. If you cannot get it from your favorite store we will send direct upon receipt of Style Number, Size and Price.

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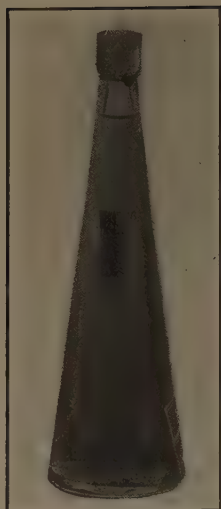
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Makers also of "ROYAL WORCESTER" Corsets, \$1, to \$3.



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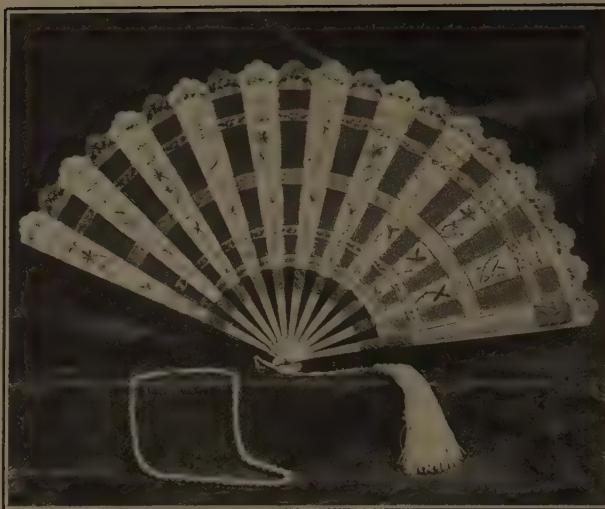




In exchange for a ten dollar bill, one would receive at Lord & Taylor's—1 dainty crystal atomizer in tones of shaded green, banded in gold and pictured on the other side of the fan—1 bottle of French toilet water, "Rose Myrto" & 1 dollar change—for this exquisite Bohemian glass atomizer is priced at only \$5.50 and the toilet water with which to fill it sells for \$3.50.

On a pink satin and gauze background, hand painted blue ribbon ties itself into true lover's knots amid clusters of pink roses and quaint figures, in this Best & Co. fan. White ivory sticks embellished in gold and a huge white tassel are included in this very excellent five dollars worth.

A pearl necklace that looks real and is inexpensive, (\$5.00 at Lord & Taylor's)—it is unbreakable, and it will not melt. The clasp is solid gold.



## A Bit O' a Gift

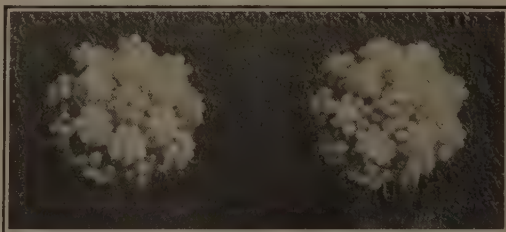
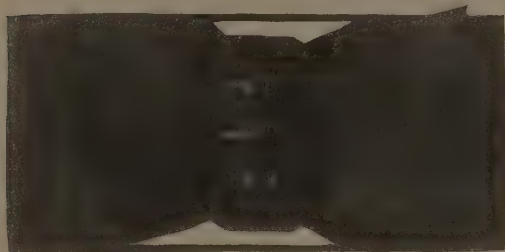
An admiring public is constantly showering its Stageland favorites with gifts. Some of them are great and costly—others gaudy and useless—but for the most part, inexpensive trifles that express individuality and good taste, predominate.

In a tour through the shops, I found some wonderful bargains at five and ten dollars very like, and in some instances, exact duplicates of knick-knacks found in the homes and dressings rooms of favorite stars.



Obligingly ready to hold two gold-edged packs of playing cards, a purple crushed morocco card case can be purchased at Mark Cross for \$5.00.

In black suede comes a wide, soft belt with a buckle to match from Mark Cross. While expressing a waist line, a belt as wide as this one conceals its exact locality, and so in these days of quick changing fashions, can be worn when either Empire or Moyen Age lines rule—\$10.00.



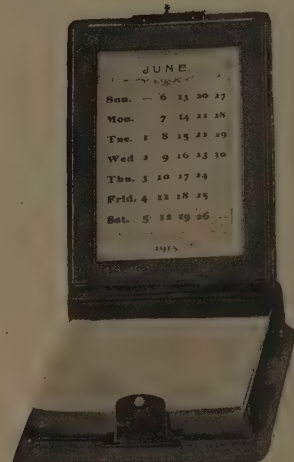
Clusters of tiny seed pearls form the most charming set of earrings. The backs are solid gold, and one need not have one's ears pierced to wear them. At Lord & Taylor's—\$5.00.

At the end of his journey, a man will find his neckties as fresh and uncreased as when he started if he carries them in a navy blue morocco case which Mark Cross makes for this very purpose. There is a tiny brass rail under which the ties slide and are held in place, and a convenient brass hook by which the entire case may be suspended and any tie removed without disturbing the others—\$5.00.

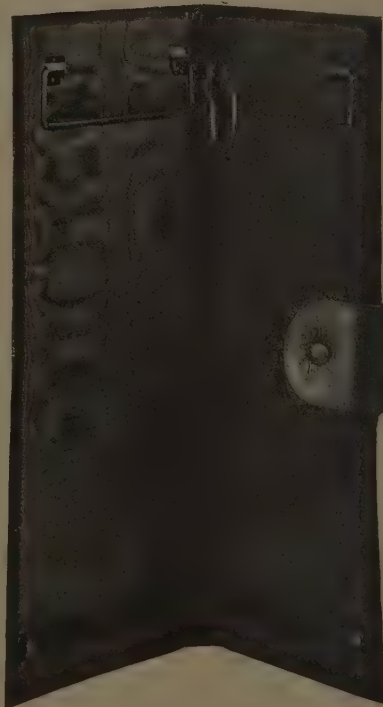


Embroidered clocks are very different when the embroidery is tiny raised silk roses with seed pearl centers. These white silk stockings are from Lord & Taylor and are priced at \$5.00.

Lord & Taylor have inserted an exquisite bit of black Chantilly lace in a very handsome black silk stocking and framed it in an embroidered edge. It can be had in white also, and in combinations of black with white lace and white with black lace—\$10.00.



You won't get your dates mixed if you jot them down on this very lovely appointment book bound in crushed purple morocco from Mark Cross. A calendar and a pencil make it complete and a five-dollar bill makes it yours.





## Have You Written a Play?

CONVINCED that there are in this country many dramatists of talent whose plays, now that the keen foreign competition has been removed, should come into their own; confident moreover, that there are potential playwrights in this America of ours who only need encouragement to be inspired to use its gigantic interests and widely diversified modes of life and manners for dramatic material—

The Theatre Magazine has provided for its readers—

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From the very nature of our business we are in touch with all things theatrical.

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Send it to us and let our expert critic read and pass upon its dramatic value.

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A moderate registration fee of \$10.00 is required for each mss., and in event of sale the usual agent's commission of 10% is asked.

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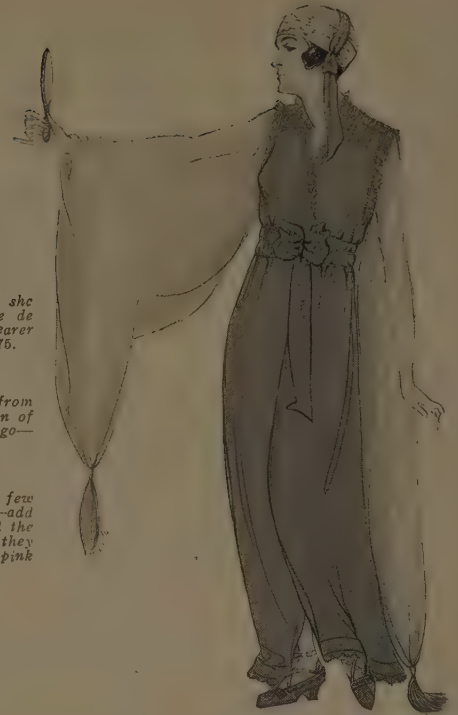
# In The Candle Light



"That she might admired be" she need only wear this soft *crêpe de chine* affair enveloping the wearer in a lovely pink cloud, \$19.75.

A lace and net boudoir cap from Bonwit Teller follows the pattern of the Dutch baby caps of long ago—\$4.75.

Light blue *moiré* ribbon—a few rosebuds—some ribbon lacings—add a pair of padded soft soles and the answer is Boudoir Boots, and they are on the lady who wears the pink cloud.



Appealing in price and altogether fascinating in effect is a *matinée* of coral *crêpe de chine* at \$12.75. The frothy lacey petticoat worn with it is priced at \$10.75.

A frivolous French affair of a cap from Best & Co. is priced at \$7.50, but an exact copy of domestic make can be purchased for \$4.50.

Lovely and dainty and Bridal, with a soft frill outlining the face and a charming "fall" of lace down the back. This French model from Best & Co. is priced at \$8.50 and the domestic at \$5.75.

Floral rosettes trim this Dresden ribbon glove and handkerchief set which provides an attractive "place for everything." The handkerchief case is pictured below.

Mules of Dresden silk from Best & Co. are well proportioned even to price, which is \$6.00.

THE Stage has revealed many of the mysteries of the Boudoir. No play was really a hit last season unless at least one of its acts disclosed somebody's rose and white, or blue and white, or green and gold private sanctum, and then that somebody was forced to swish around the stage in a gorgeous *négligée* matching the wall paper, or the draperies, or the pet poodle. Behind the scenes, in real life, an actress need not bother her head about lighting ef-



shirring slightly above the waist line gave lines to it that were not exactly Empire and not exactly not Empire. A ribbon rosette and two sash ends concealed the opening down the front.

This same store, which by the way specializes in odd and dainty personal feminine attire, showed me a *matinée* of coral *crêpe de chine* lined in white china silk. A shapeless bit of silk it appeared to be, until one put it on, and then it draped itself into the most wonderful lines and folds! Sheer and cool, and splashy with ruffles of lace is a white *crêpe de chine* petticoat which might easily be worn with

it. Under the top lace ruffle a row of tiny rose buds lie half concealed, but every now and then, one peeks through a pattern in the lace just to let you know it's there.

A flutter with pink satin streamers and clusters of wee baby roses, a lace and net boudoir cap follows the pattern of the little Dutch baby caps of long ago. A band of the ribbon crosses the top of the cap leaving one loop adangle coquettishly over the left ear.

A frivolous French affair of chiffon and net becomingly frames the face with a band of exquisite cream appliqué lace. Shirred pink ribbon winds itself a curious path from ear to ear ending in quaintly fashioned rosettes.

Lovely and dainty and bridal, another ruffly French cap is of white net and Mecklin lace, with a soft frill outlining the face and a charming "fall" of lace down the back of the neck. The dearest of pale pink sweet peas play hide and seek among the lace ruffles, and match in color the dainty streamers of satin ribbon.

Boudoir footwear often sacrifices shape and style to daintiness and frills, but Best &

Co. are offering Dresden silk mules which might easily have been built on the last of a good-looking dance slipper.

Having begun with a few yards of light blue *moiré* ribbon and a handful of pink and blue rosebuds, the

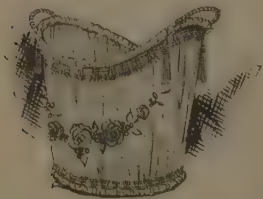


In a queer bottle of Napoleon outline, a French toilet water can be purchased at Best & Co. for \$6.00.



designer finished them off with padded soles and some ribbon lacings and fashioned a pair of boots thereof—which Best & Co. have priced at \$4.50.

A beautiful French toilet water comes in a very odd bottle which looks strangely like Napoleon. Here we have the silly little cocked hat and the same grotesque figure with its funny round 'tummy.

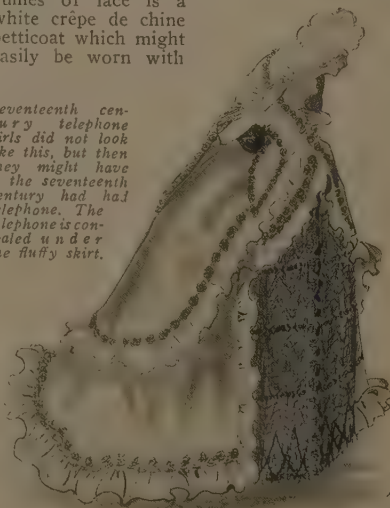


Resplendent with rose colored taffetas, gold lace and appliqué roses in pastel tints, this waste paper basket was imported by I. Grossman & Sons.

fects or harmonizing tones in her boudoir apparel. She just suits her fancy in the matter of *négligée* and wears any soft clinging frilly trifle that is specially becoming or that matches her mood. A pink robe is simply impossible on lavender days! If one is temperamental, a wide variety of colors and styles are necessary for absolute comfort.

A well-known star with a world-wide reputation for clever dressing wore an especially lovely *négligée* in her dressing room the other day—it was truly a delectable affair which seemed to envelop her in an exquisite pale pink cloud. At Bonwit Teller, I found one almost exactly like it of shell pink *crêpe de chine* with long graceful flowing sleeves of a paler pink Georgette *crêpe* ending in tassels. Three rows of corded

Seventeenth century telephone girls did not look like this, but then they might have if the seventeenth century had had telephone. The telephone is concealed under the fluffy skirt.







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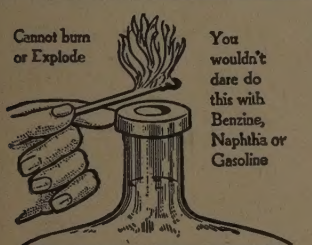
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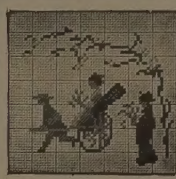
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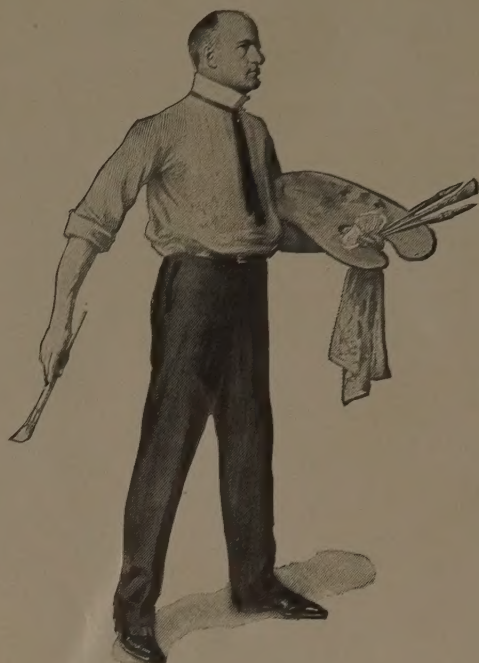
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It is to be presented during the winter season upon the New York  
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## CLOTHES SEEN ON THE STAGE

(Continued from page 148)

everything else. So are the English. But I'm afraid we don't go in for very much over here, do we? We like to make big striking effects. If you're retiring," Miss Chaire summed up with epigrammatic perspicacity, "you're lost."

## DIFFERENT TYPES.

"If I have any criticism to make of the dressing of American women, I could say that they are inclined to overdo. And it's so much better to be underdone, isn't it?" Miss Chaire smiled. "To have a touch of mystery?" (Mr. Davidson and the lavender color again.) "Still," she modified, as if fearing she might have been overcritical, "I suppose there are a lot of American women who couldn't wear simple things. It all depends on the type. Dark women as a rule look better in severe lines, I rather think, and blonde women in picturesque fluffy things. And speaking of coloring," Miss Chaire wound up, "I have one thing to be thankful for and that is, that like Bert Williams's song, 'I'm Neutral,' persons with neutral coloring can wear anything." (Business of explosion of lavender theory.)

As I was preparing to depart and Miss Chaire to don her first-appearance middle gown, in which she is shown on this month's cover, she gave me an invaluable suggestion. It was that she made it a rule never to wear anything but the palest of pink lingerie. Almost a flesh color, she uses, so that it blends with the skin and under no matter what dress there need be no sharp lines, no spots of white sticking out. This flesh color rule extends even to her stockings and slippers though a variety is allowed in the matter of heels. The ones I saw her wearing were of an unusual shade of orange tint.

## BUT SHE STILL HOLDS OUT.

In spite of the frequent cries of "Ward" there seems to have been sufficient navy blue dye left in the pot for the suits and one-piece dresses of the early fall. "Breath blown," so deep so as to be almost black and requiring a rich material properly to show it off, and a dark green, have been put forth as rivals, but dark blue is still first choice. Miss Chaire favors the color for own wear. "Being neutral, it matches my neutral coloring," she asserts. One of McCreery's best suit models was in navy and two of Gidding's best one-piece frocks as well, all of which are here sketched. The suits, by the way are very pleasing of aspect with their sufficiently wide yet light in weight skirts of different sorts and their English-looking coats, double breasted, close fitting at the waist, and flaring below, either through the cut or in the shape of godet plaits. Of the blue model from McCreery's. Several suits of the latter store were very English-looking as to material too, soft mixtures of grey and brown, of fine checks. Altogether, a most encouraging opening for the fall season of 1915!

Gidding's and Lord & Taylor were of the same mind in feeling that women were going to depend a great deal on one-piece frocks for September and October wear and have provided accordingly, navy blue again to the front with black running a close second. The distinctly new touch of the season is the heading on the serge and satin frocks and Gidding's use it most effectively in orange on the blue serge dress shown here, though a model I saw in black satin and serge headed lightly in a black pattern was equally as good. Worn with a Gidding's black velvet helmet-shaped hat that had a bonnet of cogue at the back and a strap under the chin—very much "the military"—either dress should be extremely smart and practical for the first cool days.

One-piece dresses built on skirt and coat lines are the latest departure for street wear, and Lord & Taylor have the model sketched here in a dark green and blue plaid silk skirt—a lovely quality of silk—topped by a loose-fitting blue serge coat. A band of serge around the bottom of the skirt makes for durability of wear and unifies the dress. ANNA ANDERSON.

## THE NEW PLAYS

(Continued from page 148)

undertaken he has done well. There is enough material in this melodrama for several plays, but are such productions welcome at this time? With the exception of the humanity of the German Commander, it shows the brutality and the awful side of war. The play may please the pro-Allies but is sure to earn the displeasure of the Germans. Had it been produced below 25th Street or even 14th Street there might be an excuse—but one hardly expected to see a piece of this character at the Hudson. We did not know that Roi Cooper Megrue of "Under Cover" had the heart to make an audience spend an evening that was horrifying to say the least.

The piece was well acted by a competent cast. William Courtenay made a dashing officer of the Irish Guards. Violet Fleming was very sweet and lovely to look at as Ethel. E. G. Robinson was admirable as André, and Frank Craven contributed excellent comedy as the peripatetic reporter.

**THE THIMBLE THEATRE.** The very latest experiment in the direction of "fiddle" theatres, is the Thimble Theatre, Charles Edison's enterprise at No. 10 Fifth Avenue, one of the principal purposes of which is to furnish a hearing to young American composers who have been handicapped by the difficulty of getting a start in their own country.

The auditorium seats two hundred and fifty persons and the performances are free. The house opened on September 10th, the chief attractions being John W. Draper, the poet of New York University and music by Dwight Lewis Fisher.

**GAITEY.** "Search Me." Comedy in three acts by Augustin MacFingh. Produced August 17th.

In "Search Me," at the Gaiety, Augustin MacFingh, the author, is highly ingenious and successful at certain points. As to which of his dramatic personae stole the ruby of fabulous value he has his audience guessing; but in preparing the setting for his comedy of mystery he is prelix and tedious. Furthermore he tucks on so many complications, just prior to the final curtain, that there is a distinct let down not to say anti-climax. The second act is admirable of its kind. Half a dozen of the men act with distinction and artistic surety. George Gaston is very true to life as an elderly Vicar. Fred Graham is a very eccentric old collector, and Rollo Lloyd portrays the suspected reformed convict with fine nervous intensity. Dignified and stately is Charles A. Stevenson as a personage who should be above suspicion, while an amiable ass is acted with real humanity and humor by Wilfred Seagram. Howard Estabrook is the American dramatist, a not very happy example of transplanted manners, while the real criminal, posing as a Scotland Yard detective, is played by Mervyn Love. Very excellent is he and so is Gordon Burby, the agent in his unending.

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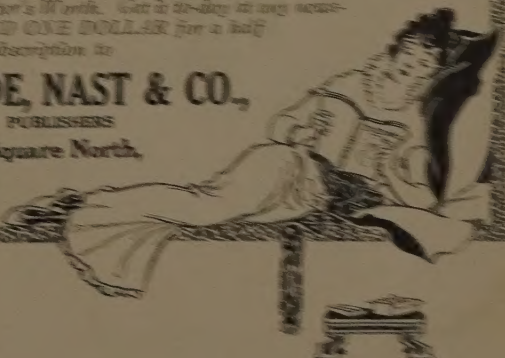
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